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"WITH HAWK AND HOUND"

BY N. HUDSON MOORE

HAVE you ever noticed a hawk soaring and floating high up against the sky? Have you seen him busy apparently in embroidering a wonderful pattern of loops and curves, putting in a wing-beat here and a long float there, and then, suddenly, without a moment's warning, seem fairly to drop to the ground, pause a moment, and then rise slowly and fly to some near-by tree?

The splendid flight was made with a purpose. He was looking out for his prey, and when he saw with his keen eyes some field-mouse scampering across a field, or a tiny bird cowering in a bush, or picking up a meal among the grass, he fell from the sky, seized the little creature, and took it off in his talons to eat it at leisure in some convenient tree.

This method of pursuing his prey was taken advantage of in the Middle Ages and later times to provide for man one of his most popular forms of hunting. The birds were chosen with greatest care, each kind was trained to hunt for his own particular sort of prey, and great parties of lords and ladies, followed by many attendants, rode out into the fields and marshes to "fly" their birds, as they called it, and watch them "strike their quarries."

I have said that hawking was practised in the Middle Ages and later. Perhaps I should have written that at that time it was most widely practised, for, indeed, as far back as the fourth century hawks had been trained by mankind to hunt. These birds were so highly esteemed that they were known as emblems of royalty, and that

man of rank was considered disgraced who gave up his birds, save for the most dire necessity. In fact certain varieties of hawks and falcons were allowed only to the nobility, and none others were allowed to own or fly them.

Hawking was a sport which was not confined to men only, but ladies and children enjoyed it as well. See our pretty little boy, in the picture, with his pet bird, which is poised on his wrist and ready for flight.

Now-a-days we have men who train horses for running, jumping and hunting, as indeed they had, too, in hawking days; but the man who trained the hawks for a great noble or a king, filled a most important part in the household. Just think,—the *Grand Fauconnier* of France had fifty gentlemen to attend him when he rode out, and fifty assistant falconers! He was allowed to keep three hundred hawks; he issued a license to every man who sold hawks in France; and received a fee for every bird sold in the kingdom. Even the king himself lent him consequence, for he never rode out on any grand occasion without this officer attending him.

In England the sport was just as highly considered. Our little picture boy was an English child. I look at him often and wonder who he was, for I do not know. All that I have been able to find out about him is, that he was the son of a great nobleman, and that this portrait still hangs in the castle gallery where once he lived.

Although the sport was commonly called "hawking," different kinds of birds which hunt

their prey in a similar manner were used. Falcons were flown after herons or other water birds, and, indeed, most of the old descrip-

for an earl, and the "faulcon of the rock" for a duke; and the "most noble eagle, merloun, and vulture, for an emperor."

Do not think that one could go out and fly a hawk in any way he liked, as you or I would go fishing; for this could not be done. If you or I had lived in the castle with our picture boy, and had been going out hawking with him, this is the way I believe we should have done:

The night before, if the wind had been in the right direction and it promised to be a fine day, we should have sent word to the falconer to have the hawks ready in the courtyard on their perches at dawn. It was, you see, a very "early bird" kind of business! You could n't turn over and take another nap, and say that you 'd come on the next trolley, or that you 'd come with mother in the auto—you 'd have to be on time.

Then, after directing about the hawks, you would send word to have the coursing jennets (or small hunting horses) ready at the same time for a day at hawking. You would bid the pages look to it that your gloves were ready, for stout gloves with gauntlets were worn to protect the hands and wrists from the sharp talons of the birds. Then you went to bed early yourself, so as to be early astir.

When the falconer got your order he went to look at the birds. He washed their feet in water, he saw that the "hoods" with which they were kept blinded or "hood-winked," when not flying, were well set on their heads, and he did not feed them, lest, on the morrow, they should not be keen enough to fly well for their game. He took particular care of his young master's bird, a fine and beautifully feathered hawk from Barbary, we will say, which he had trained himself. Then he looked at the "jesses," for all hawks when carried on the "fist" wore little straps of leather called jesses fastened to their legs. These straps had knots and loops in them which came between the fingers so as to hold the bird steady. Sometimes the jesses were made of silk, but leather was the ordinary material, and it might be scarlet or any other color that the owner wished. The hoods, too, were of leather, and very gorgeous, with a crest or coat of arms wrought on each, or perhaps a bright feather or two woven in it, which gave the bird a wild look indeed. Of course being kept in confinement and hooded most of the time, made the birds wild and fierce, which was a necessary condition for their doing their work well.

You will see bells on our bird's legs. These were the most important part of the trappings, for if the bird went out of sight the tinkle of the bell led the hunter to where the falcon was. The



"THE FALCONER."

From the statue by George Simonds in Central Park, New York.

tions of hawking speak of the hunters coursing along the river's edge or the brookside. Species of hawks went by many different names: there was the "hobby" for a young man; the "marlyon" for a lady; the "faulcon peregrine"

bells were fastened to the legs by thongs of deer-hide called "bewits." Great care was taken to have the hide soft so as not to chafe the legs, and the bells must be chosen with care, not too heavy so as to impede the flight, of a clear and musical sound. For ordinary birds any cheap bell would do, but for our falcon, there must be Milan bells of gold, or at least silver, ringing.

At dawn, after a hurried breakfast of coarse bread, some white herring, sprats or salt fish, washed down with beer or ale for the grown-up people and milk for the children—all trooped down to the courtyard, eager to start.

The pages held the horses, the falconers hurried about with the birds, the hounds struggled at the leashes, and the huntsman held his horn in readiness to sound a blast for the warder to let down the drawbridge so that the party could ride gaily forth over the moat, down into the green fields and so on to the open. When the meadows were reached, runners and dogs were sent ahead to start up the birds along the water-courses. Each hunter saw to it that the strings of the hawk's hood were loosened so as to be easily pulled off, the jesses were cast aside, and all was made ready so that the hawk could be quickly thrown from the wrist as soon as the prey was sighted.

The hawks had to be trained to return with their prey to the hunters and not to let it escape or tear it, which would destroy it for food. For, while, of course, the chief purpose of hawking was sport, yet the birds brought down were sometimes a very welcome addition to the table, where salt

meat or fish were the main dishes, unless the deer- or boar-hunters had been successful on *their* part.

You will never guess what caused the decline of hawking. Why, the invention of the musket! This provided the same amount of exercise, it brought down all kinds of creatures, birds as well as beasts, so that hawks became altogether unnecessary, and most noblemen were glad to be relieved of the immense expense which had to be incurred to keep up the "mews," or buildings in which the falcons were kept, provide attendants, and train the birds for their work.

In that noble story of Sir Walter Scott's, "Quentin Durward," when Quentin first appears, he says he has been called "the Varlet of the Velvet Pouch." This was on account of the bag or pouch which he wore over his shoulder to carry food for his hawk, which had been killed when he attempted to fly it in a royal preserve. This was a serious loss to poor Quentin, since a well-trained bird was worth a hundred marks, a large sum of money for those days.

In the time of James I, many years later than the period of Quentin Durward, a "cast of hawks" signifying two or three birds, well trained of course, would bring several hundred pounds. As the sport was largely indulged in by the nobility, so all the details connected with it were costly, from the silver whistles which were used to reclaim or call back the bird, to the trappings of the birds themselves, the expense of their keepers, and the buildings that housed them all.



"CLEAN OVER—JUST TO SHOW THAT HE CAN DO IT!"



BY EDITH S. TILLOTSON

In a garden planned with care
 In a day gone by,
 Stands a sun-dial quaint and old,
 Looking at the sky.
 And around its gray old face—
 There among the flowers,
 Is this motto carved—"I count
 None but sunny hours."

Like a sentinel it stands
 While the hours run,
 Marking out the messages
 Given by the sun.

Should there come a time of storm—
 Cloudy days and drear,
 Patient and serene it waits
 Till the skies are clear.

Oh, you gray philosopher,
 With your motto true!
 Hear me make a solemn vow
 To be brave as you—
 Be life's weather what it may,
 Sunny days or showers,
 Memory shall register
 "None but sunny hours!"



AN ALPINE ADVENTURE

BY GRACE WICKHAM CURRAN

THE Mortimer family had but the night before arrived at the tiny Alpine village in the high Bernese Oberland.

The next morning Arthur, Mr. Mortimer's thirteen-year-old son, clamored for an expedition, and immediately after breakfast donned his stout, hobnailed shoes, seized his alpenstock, and with the rest of the family party set forth by a little path through the meadows and forests to some rocky crags beyond, a famous view-point of the locality.

Not a breeze stirred, not a sound could be heard save the drone of insects among the flowers. All at once Arthur was startled by a few clear, musical notes, which seemed to come from beyond a pile of rocks ahead of him. He started to a sitting posture, and in an instant the air about him, the sky overhead, was filled with wonderful strains of music, like the chanting of some great cathedral choir. For a time, Arthur sat bewildered and enchanted by the strange, weird music which was again and again repeated. Finally, tiptoeing forward, he peeped around the intervening rocks. There, stretched on the ground beside a long Alpine horn, was a rugged, sun-tanned Swiss lad of his own age. His had been the few clear notes, and the after-music was the wonderful echo of the same back and forth among the overhanging crags.

Just then the horn-blower raised his head, and looking about him caught sight of Arthur.

"Good morning," exclaimed Arthur, in his most polite school-German, as he stepped out into view, and received a courteous welcome.

"Won't you let me look at your horn? Is it hard to blow? I should like to try it, and see if I could make the echo answer. Did you make the horn yourself? I believe I could make one. Do you do this all the time? Do they pay you for it? Do you like to do it?"

All these questions, in a jumble of German and English, tumbled out of Arthur's lips in rapid succession, as he came forward and examined the horn with great interest and curiosity. After a little, by repeating his questions more slowly, he succeeded in making himself understood, and better still, in getting answers in the uncouth German-Swiss dialect, whose meaning he partly caught and partly guessed at. By the time his father and the rest of the party had appeared, Arthur had acquired a brief outline of the Swiss boy's past history, his present mode of life, and

his future ambitions, and had even tried a note or two on the horn himself.

The others had also heard and been captivated by the notes of the horn and the exquisite music of the echo. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer, smiling at Arthur's enthusiasm, exchanged greetings with the player and slipped a few bright coins into his hand before continuing on their way.

"Good-by," said Arthur, "I'm coming up here every day to hear you play, and you will teach me to do it, too. I shall not forget."

"He is just my age, father," continued Arthur, as they went on up the path. "His name is Ulric Baumann. His father was a guide, but fell and was killed on one of the big mountains. Ulric is going to be a guide when he is old enough. His uncle, who is also a guide, is going to train him. He blows the horn all summer to earn money for his mother and three little sisters. The tourists give him money for the echo music. His mother works in the potato field and his oldest sister helps take care of the goats, and they get along very well, but when he is old enough to be a guide, they will be quite rich, he says, for guides often get a hundred francs for one trip, and then he will build a chimney in his mother's house like those in the valley."

"Well, my boy, you have learned a great deal in a short time," said Mr. Mortimer.

Little by little this chance acquaintanceship ripened into a warm friendship. Perhaps this was due to the very contrast of the boys' natures, for while the one was quick, impulsive, heedless, and inclined even to recklessness, the other was slow, sure, cautious, and faithful in the minutest detail. As Ulric was charmed and entertained by Arthur's glowing accounts of the outside world, and especially of the wonders of America, Arthur, in turn, was fascinated and enraptured by the store of mountain tales which Ulric related to him, as they sat for long hours on the cushiony heather in the open, sunny pasture.

The topic which engrossed them the most, however, was a guide's life, his possible adventures, his certain dangers, his chances for fame and his responsibilities.

Arthur envied Ulric his future and regretted the plans for college and professional life which his father had laid for him.

"Oh, Ulric! think of your chances! This glorious mountain life forever, and the opportunity

to climb to the top of those highest peaks. Oh, it makes me sick to think of that stuffy office and revolving chair to which I shall be tied all my life! Never mind, I shall try to make money enough in it so that I can come every summer to Switzerland, and you shall be my own special guide and we'll do some 'stunts' in mountain climbing that will surprise the world."

At words like these, Ulric would shake his head slowly.

"No, I can never be your guide. I think too much of you, and you do not know the obedience which is necessary. It is a terrible thing to be a guide—for there is always the fear that you may make some mistake, and lives depend upon your strength and wisdom! Then so many of the foreign gentlemen who come to climb are not wise and do not obey. They think because they know so much of other things that they know even more than their guide of the mountain ways and secrets, and then comes the disaster! Sometimes I think I will give it all up, but it is in the blood. My father was a guide, my grandfather, and his father before him. Oh! you can not get away from it when it is in the blood!"

Though Arthur went on many long tramps and expeditions with his father, he longed for some real mountain climbing. His father had no adventurous tastes, and all of Arthur's pleadings could not tempt him beyond perfectly safe and secure pathways.

One day Ulric said to Arthur, "Do not come up to the echo field to-morrow, for I shall not be there. My Uncle Hans, the guide of whom I told you, is going across the Eiger Glacier, and says he will take me to give me a lesson in glacier work."

"Oh, Ulric! I wish I could go, too. Do you think your uncle would take me? My father would let me go with a real guide, I am sure."

Ulric shook his head thoughtfully. "My uncle would not object, but, Arthur, you are so quick. I am afraid you would not think the little things necessary to obey."

But Arthur begged so hard, and



"THERE WAS A LONG TRAMP AND CLIMB TO BE TAKEN BEFORE REACHING THE EDGE OF THE GLACIER."

promised so faithfully, that Ulric's fears were silenced, and with his father's permission and Uncle Hans' consent, he joined them the following morning' early, before the sun had risen, as there was a long tramp and climb to be taken before reaching the edge of the glacier.

How beautiful the mountains looked in this morning twilight! The deep valleys of the Lauterbrunnen and the Trümmelbach were still mysterious with the purple shadows of night. Far overhead the topmost peak of the snowy Jungfrau was tinged with the faint rosy glow preceding sunrise. By the time they had reached the upper pasture of the Wengern Alp and paused at the herder's summer station for a drink of warm milk, the whole face of the great mountain was aglow.

Before setting forth, Uncle Hans explained to the boys the treacherous surface with which they had to deal, full of unexpected cracks and crevasses, owing to the slow and steady moving of the great ice river.

"Although I crossed here ten days ago," he said, "I may find, where there were unbroken stretches then, deep cracks, difficult to cross, and we must go slowly and carefully. We shall tie ourselves together with this rope, Master Arthur in the middle, as he is our guest; and you must remember, boys, never to let the rope grow slack. Keep it always taut and then if one should slip and fall the rest of us can easily pull him to his feet again. But beware of a slack rope, for a sudden fall may snap and break it."

All went well, and long before noon they were far out in the midst of the icy field. Arthur was elated with their success, for they had crossed a number of difficult cracks and he felt himself to be already an expert. After eating a lunch of bread and good Swiss cheese, they started on with refreshed vigor. As it was necessary for Uncle Hans at the head of the line to look ahead and watch and plan their route, it was Arthur's task to watch the space of rope between them, and Ulric's to take care of the distance between him and Arthur. At the wider cracks they all stopped until the whole party were safely across, but it was easy to bestride many, indeed the majority, of the narrower ones, and progress would have been too slow if all had stopped for each of them. Uncle Hans and Arthur had just passed one of these narrow cracks, which, they had noticed in passing, looked unusually deep, and Ulric was on the point of stepping over. Arthur, in his impulsiveness, seeing an unbroken stretch ahead of them, and having already forgotten the crevasse he had just crossed, hurried ahead to ask some question of Uncle Hans, thereby allowing the rope between them to

slacken considerably. His sudden start ahead gave an unusual pull on the rope behind, causing Ulric to jerk forward and his foot to slip on the very edge of the crevasse. He clutched wildly in the air trying to regain his balance, but the treacherous ice was too slippery and he shot swiftly downward, dragging Arthur backward over the ice because of the slackened rope ahead. Then came the inevitable result. The swiftness of the fall and his weight, for he was a large and heavy boy for his years, snapped asunder the rope and he fell with violent force into the depths of the crevasse. Fortunately, some forty feet down the ice walls narrowed so that his fall was checked, but he was so tightly wedged in that he could move neither hand nor foot.

Arthur had been dragged swiftly backward almost to the edge of the crevasse, and he scarcely realized what was happening until he felt himself stopped by the sudden snapping of the rope. Uncle Hans, with the cool courage and resourcefulness of the Swiss guide, was at the edge in a moment, calling down heartening words to Ulric and devising a means of rescue. Noosing one end of his extra coil of rope, he lowered it, calling as he did so:

"Fasten it under your arms, Ulric, my boy, and we'll soon have you up again."

At first Ulric found it impossible to free his arms from the ice, but exerting his utmost strength he finally succeeded and fastened the rope according to his uncle's directions, with fingers already growing numb with the cold.

But pull as they might, they could not move him, for from the waist down he was tightly jammed between the walls, driven in by the force of his fall. Then as Arthur was too weak to lower Uncle Hans, Arthur himself was lowered, pick in hand, to make an effort to chop away the ice. But the crevasse was so narrow that it was difficult to wield the implement, and the task soon proved too great for his inexperience and lack of strength. Uncle Hans quickly came to the conclusion that the only thing remaining to do, was for him to return as swiftly as he might and secure help.

"I cannot take you with me, Master Arthur, as I must make haste or Ulric will die of the cold before we can get him out."

"Indeed, I would not go with you, if I could," answered Arthur, almost angrily. "Do you think I would leave Ulric here alone? Before you go, lower me again to him and give me the brandy bottle. I can keep him awake and give him courage till you come back. It is all my fault! Oh, if I had only remembered—only obeyed!"

"It is a good idea—that of lowering you. I

should not have thought of it. Down you go then. Keep the lad awake, for if he goes to sleep in the cold he will never wake again. And do not sleep yourself. Your own danger is not great, for you can move about and exercise. Good-by," and he was off.

A great loneliness came over Arthur as the two boys were thus left alone in the icy desert, deep in that cruel ice crack, and a more vivid sense came over him of the desperate danger which faced Ulric. Indeed, it faced them both, for if by any chance Uncle Hans should slip and fall, or be prevented from returning, Ulric certainly, and probably he, too, would be frozen to death before any search-party would be sent to seek them out.

Ulric was a brave lad and a mountaineer, and knew the danger he was in. Now that his arms were free, he began to use them continually and vigorously in exercise, swinging them up and out, and inhaling deep breaths to keep up his circulation. Now and then Arthur gave him a tiny swallow of the fiery brandy, which started the sluggish blood afresh and sent it down into his rapidly chilling legs and feet. Arthur himself kept plying the ice-pick, more to keep himself warm than anything else, for he seemed to be able to make no impression on the solid walls which imprisoned Ulric.

The minutes seemed hours, and the hours dragged themselves out interminably. At length Arthur began to notice that Ulric's efforts at exercise grew weaker, that the brave, cheerful talk which he had thus far kept up, slackened. He began chafing his hands and wrists, beating his back and shoulders. Oh, those

pitiless green walls on either side! Oh, the bitter cold!

"Ulric—don't stop trying! You *must* not sleep!"

Even as he spoke he saw Ulric's eyelids begin to droop, his head to sway. He murmured drowsily:

"Don't — mind — Arthur. Let me sleep—one minute—then I will wake."

The lad's head fell forward on his breast and his eyes closed. Arthur, in an agony of fear, seized him by the shoulders and shook him fiercely, desperately, pried open his jaws and poured a great draught of brandy down his throat. "Wake, Ulric, wake!"

Just then from far up and across the ice he heard a sound of faint hallooing, which increased with every instant, drawing nearer. It was Uncle Hans and his band of helpers, shouting as they came to give courage to the helpless and almost frozen boys.

Laughing aloud in his relief, Arthur shook and pounded Ulric with fresh energy, and kept the drowsy eyes open a little longer, until the help came. Strong arms soon cut the almost frozen boy loose and carried him up into the sunshine. Restoratives were applied, and the life, which had almost slipped away forever, was in a little while brought back for a long period of useful service.

Arthur had learned a lesson which he never forgot. His thoughtlessness had almost cost his friend's life, but his brave courage and resourcefulness in staying by him, in some measure atoned for the fault of that day, and the bond of friendship be-

tween these two has never been weakened by time nor by the wide ocean which rolls between them.



ARTHUR IS LOWERED INTO THE CREVASSE.



THE PIRATE AND THE BUTTERFLY

BY CAROLYN WELLS

A PIRATE sat on a rosebush twig,
And brave and bold was he;
When along came a Butterfly, fierce and big,
And as savage as he could be!

The Pirate shivered and shook with fear,
He gave a despairing cry.
He said, "I could brave a Buccaneer,
But I'm scared of a Butterfly!"

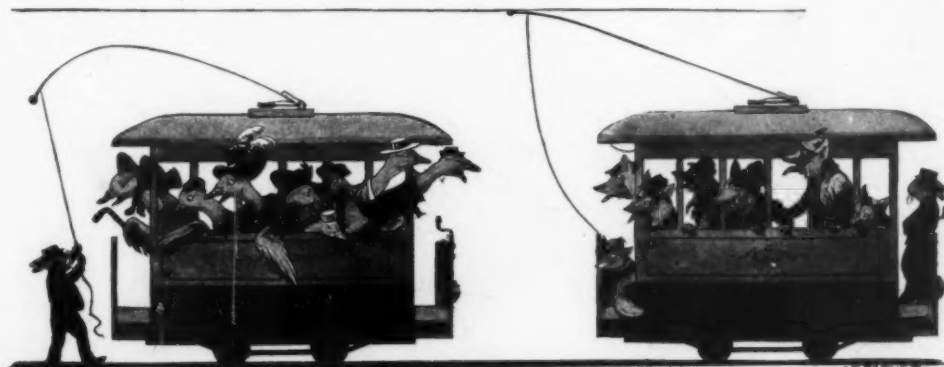
The Pirate's teeth were chattering fast,
The Pirate's blood ran cold;

He thought each minute would be his last,
As he watched that Butterfly bold.

He quivered and quavered and quaked and
quailed.

He whimpered and whined and wept,
He shook in his shoes, and his visage paled,
As the Butterfly nearer crept.

Now I've told you the tale as far as I can,
For I'm sure I do not know
What became of the poor little Pirate man,
And his fierce, ferocious foe.



CONDUCTOR, PULLING DOWN THE TROLLEY: "ALL
OUT! TAKE THE CAR AHEAD, PLEASE!"

THE PASSENGERS IN THE "CAR AHEAD" WONDER
WHY THEY DON'T COME.

TOM, DICK, AND HARRIET

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater"

CHAPTER XI

THE ADVENTURES OF ESTRELLA

THEY were not able to take Harry into their confidence immediately, however, as by the time they reached school it lacked but a few minutes of dinner-time. And after that meal, when they called at the Cottage, they found that Harry had not returned from Silver Cove but had remained for dinner with one of her girl friends in the village. In the dining-room Roy and Chub had treated Dick with contemptuous indifference and afterward had observed him pass out of the building and across to the library with supreme unconcern. He smiled tauntingly as he passed them in the corridor, but both Roy and Chub looked impassively by him.

"Who's your friend?" asked Chub audibly.

"Never met him," responded Roy loftily.

It was not until after supper next day that Roy and Chub found Harry. They called again at the Cottage and were ushered by Mrs. Emery into the little parlor. Harry joined them soon afterward and in a few moments was made acquainted with the situation relating to Dick.

"It's a mystery!" she declared excitedly.

"It surely is," Roy answered. "And we want you to help us find out what the silly chap is up to. Will you?"

"Yes, and I'll be a detective too!"

"All right," answered Chub, "but I don't think I ever heard of a female detective, did you, Roy?"

Roy shook his head, but Harry protested.

"There are female detectives, Mr. Thomas H. Eaton," she asserted stoutly, "I read of one once in some book. She was awfully smart and found the stolen diamonds after every one else had failed!"

"All right," said Chub. "What was her name?"

"Why it was—oh dear, I've forgotten it!"

"I don't see how you can be that distinguished person, if you don't even remember her name," teased Roy.

"I shall recall it," answered Harry with dignity. "Besides detectives have aliases."

"Oh, the cheap ones do," replied Roy. "Sherlock Holmes did n't change his name."

"Did Vi—Vi—Vidocq?" asked Harry.

"Yes, often," answered Chub. "He was the real thing, too. He caught more desperate crim-

inals than Sherlock Holmes ever thought of! And he was great for disguising himself, too."

"Oh, that's it!" cried Harry. "I must have a disguise!"

"Wear your hair on top of your head," suggested Roy laughingly.

"Put your shoes on the wrong feet," added Chub.

"Never you mind, Mr. Chub Eaton," said Harry, with sparkling eyes. "I know what I shall do. You wait and see. But if you recognize me—if you penetrate my disguise, I mean—you must n't let on. You won't, will you? Because it might spoil everything."

"You may depend upon us," replied Roy gravely.

"We ought to have a pass-word," Harry continued. "So when we meet each other we can communicate."

"'R-r-r-revenge!'" muttered Chub with a ferocious scowl. Harry clapped her hands.

"That's it! That's the pass-word. 'Revenge!' Don't forget it."

"Trust us," said Roy. "We'll think of nothing else. 'Revenge!'"

"'Revenge!'" echoed Harry.

"'Revenge!'" growled Chub.

Then they looked at each other and laughed enjoyably. And suddenly Harry gave an exclamation of triumph.

"I remember!" she cried. "It was Estrella!"

"What was?"

"The name of that lady detective. Estrella—Estrella—oh, I can't remember her last name, I guess Estrella will do, won't it?"

"Yes, I should think so," Chub said. "It's a fine-sounding name, all right. Roy, allow me to present you to Miss Estrella, the lady sleuth."

"What's a sleuth?" asked Harry anxiously.

"Oh, that's just a slang name for detective."

"Well, I don't believe lady detectives would use slang," she said. "So I guess I won't be a sleuth, if you don't mind, Chub."

"Have your own way about it. It does n't make much difference what you call yourself, Harry, if you'll only find out what Dick is up to. He's got to be punished for the way he has treated us all. It—it's a low-down trick, that's what it is!"

"Yes, we owe him something," Roy agreed. "And we'll pay him back, too. But we must try

and make him think that we are n't watching him any more."

"Yes, lull his suspicions," said Chub.

"Then maybe he will get careless and we'll catch him red-handed."

"Red-handed!" echoed Harry with gusto. "Is n't it lovely? I do wish I could start to-morrow, but I suppose you can't detect on Sunday!"

"Hardly," Roy agreed. "But on Monday we'll begin in earnest. We must n't let him out of our sight a moment."

"I don't see how we can help letting him out of our sight," Chub objected. "We have our recitations to attend and Harry has to go to Silver Cove."

"Well, after school, then," answered Roy. "In the afternoon, we'll—we'll—"

"Dog his very footsteps," added Chub. "I read that somewhere; good, is n't it?"

"Fine," laughed Roy. "Little he recks—!"

"K-yindly desist," growled Chub good-naturedly, "and come on home."

Harry went to the porch with them and there, at her suggestion, they clasped hands and cried "*Revenge!*" together in a thrilling chorus.

"We meet anon," said Chub. "Farewell!"

And thereupon Vidocq and Sherlock Holmes slunk away into the enveloping darkness, and Estrella, muttering "*Revenge!*" under her breath, closed the front door and stole stealthily into the library to ransack the shelves for the detective story which recounted the adventures and triumphs of her namesake.

The next day Dick was inclined to be chummy, but Roy and Chub repulsed his overtures coldly.

There was no hockey practice on Monday and so when Roy had finished his last recitation in School Hall, he hurried across toward the dormitory to dispose of his books,—with the idea of then finding Dick before that mysterious youth had whisked himself out of sight. But before he had covered half of the distance between the two buildings, he had forgotten all about Dick. For, on the steps of Burgess stood a most remarkable figure. Roy stared and marveled. At first he thought he was looking at an elderly woman, but the next moment he changed his mind, for the small, slight form was youthful in spite of the attire. There was a vividly blue cloth skirt which swept the ground; a black fur cape, rather the worse for service, which reached almost to the waist; a large hat with brown feathers, and a heavy black veil which completely hid the face. One hand clutched a silver-handled umbrella and the other was lost in the folds of the voluminous skirt.

"Well, that's a funny looking scarecrow!" muttered Roy as he approached. The lady, who-

ever she was, seemed to be viewing him from behind the thick veil, and Roy ceased staring. But as he mounted the steps he could not resist another look. Through the close meshes of the veil he caught sight of two bright eyes and a rather impertinent nose, and—

"Revenge!" said a smothered voice.

Roy stopped and stared with wide-open mouth.

"I—I beg your pardon, ma'am!" he faltered, uncertain whether he had imagined it. "Did you speak?"

"Revenge!" said the voice again. Roy gasped.

"Harry!" he exclaimed incredulously.

"S-sh. Would you betray all?"

"Oh, but you're a sight!" said Roy, standing off to obtain a better view of her. "Where did you get the clothes, Harry?"

Then he leaned up against the opposite railing of the porch and gave way to mirth. Harry stamped her foot and thumped the umbrella.

"Roy Porter, you're just as mean as you can be!" she declared aggrievedly. "And you can do your own detecting!"

"But, Harry," Roy gasped, "if you could only see the way you look!"

"I don't care; I fooled you all right enough, Mister Smarty!"

"That's so; I thought you were an old woman at first! It's a dandy disguise, Harry."

"Do you really think so?" Harry asked, somewhat mollified. "I had a terrible time getting the things, because, of course, I could n't ask for them; if I had, my disguise would have been no longer a secret, would it?"

Roy shook his head.

"And so I had to swipe—borrow them, I mean, without saying anything to mama. And if I should meet her would n't she be surprised?" Harry giggled behind the veil.

"I'll just bet she would," laughed Roy. "Have you seen anything of—"

"S-sh! Some one approaches!" cried Harry. "Follow me, but take no notice!"

Several boys had come out on to the steps of School Hall and were looking curiously across. Harry seized the folds of the ridiculous blue skirt and lifted it so that she could walk without tripping over it. Then, raising the silver-handled umbrella in a gesture of caution she turned and stole stealthily into the building. Roy, vastly amused, followed. Harry crossed to the dining-room, opened the door and beckoned. To enter the dining-room outside of meal hours was strictly against the rules, but Harry was a law unto herself and Roy ventured after her. Then she closed the door, turned the key in the lock and raised the black veil.

"Now," she said, "we are safe for the moment."
 "Yes, that 's all very well, but supposing Dick takes it into his silly head to disappear while we are in here talking?"

"Then we must find him."

"But we said we were going to watch for him and follow him. What 's the good of letting him get away? I left him in School Hall, and he will be out in a few minutes."

"We-ll maybe we 'd better go," said Harry. "But I did want to talk to you a minute."

"All right, go ahead. What do you want to talk about?"

"Do you think Dick would recognize—would penetrate my disguise if he met me?" she asked anxiously.

"I don't believe he 'd let you get near enough," answered Roy with a laugh. "I 'll bet if he saw you coming he 'd run a mile!"

"Now you 're being mean again," said Harry.

"Well, honest then, Harry, I don't believe your own mother would know you!"

"But she 'd know her clothes," Harry said laughingly. "Supposing then, that I go over toward School Hall and wait for him to come out? Then I can follow him and he won't suspect anything."

"All right, but I would n't let him think you are after him," Roy advised.

"Of course I sha'n't. I 'll just make believe that I 'm a visitor looking around the school. And maybe I 'll meet him and ask him some questions. Would n't that be funny?"

"He 'd know your voice in a minute," said Roy.

"I 'd disguise it like this," Harry replied, sinking her voice until it sounded like the croak of a raven. "Now I think we 'd better go, don't you?"

Roy agreed, and Harry carefully lowered her veil. At the door she turned.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," she said. "I found

that book last night after you went, and my name is Estrella De Vere. Is n't it lovely?"

"Fine and dandy," answered Roy. "It sounds almost real."

He remained inside until Harry had passed down the steps and was sauntering with elaborate unconcern toward School Hall. Then he



"'OH, THAT 'S THE INSANE ASYLUM,' ANSWERED DICK, READILY."

went out on to the porch and watched. Harry, her blue skirt trailing regally behind her, stopped in front of the entrance, leaned on her umbrella, and studied the architecture of the building. A group of boys on the porch stopped talking and viewed her curiously. Presently, with a nod of approval, Harry turned and walked slowly up the path toward the Cottage, pausing at length to take in the details of that modest structure quite as thoroughly. The boys on the porch,

Roy observed, were laughing and making fun of the queer figure. At that moment the door of School Hall opened again and Dick hurried out and along the path toward Harry who had now turned and was sauntering back toward the Hall. As he went he cast a quick and cautious glance about him, and Roy, although he tried to draw back out of sight, knew that Dick had seen him. Dick's gaze now was on the person in the black veil. When he reached the place where the path to the Cottage branched off from the road to the barn, he seemed to hesitate an instant. Then he turned to the right, toward the Cottage and Estrella De Vere.

By this time Harry had made up her mind to a desperate venture. As Dick reached her she sank her voice to sepulchral tones.

"Pardon me, young man," she said, "but can you tell me what building that is?" She pointed the umbrella toward School Hall.

Dick stopped and touched his cap, looking very intently at the black veil. But Harry kept her head averted as much as she could and flattered herself that Dick was far from suspecting her identity. But she did wish he would n't look so hard!

"Yes, ma'am," answered Dick. "That is the Biological Laboratory." Harry gave a gasp. "And further along," pointing out the dormitory, "you see the Astronomical Observatory." Harry gasped again. Dick swung around and indicated the gymnasium. "And that building, ma'am, is called *Somes Hall* in honor of Mr. Richard *Somes*, who gave the money for it. It cost two million dollars and contains the *Phrenological* and *Optimistic Departments*."

Harry had a wild desire to giggle, but conquered it. She wondered for an instant whether Dick knew her, after all, and was trying to tease her. The expression of his face, which was one of the utmost seriousness, told her nothing. She almost forgot to disguise her voice as she answered him.

"Thank you so much," she said. "And—and the small house here?"

"Oh, that 's the *Insane Asylum*," answered Dick, readily. "I have but one case confined there at present, a young girl. It 's really very sad, ma'am. I don't think she will ever be any better. She imagines—" he dropped his voice to a confidential whisper—"she imagines that she 's a detective! Very sad, really!" He touched his cap again, gravely, and politely, and went on toward the Cottage, leaving Harry a prey to conflicting emotions, the strongest of which was exasperation.

"Now how did he know me?" she wondered. "I think he 's just as mean as he can be!"

She stood motionless and watched Dick ring the bell. In a moment the door was opened and he passed into the Cottage.

"And what do you suppose he 's gone there for?" she asked herself. "Perhaps he 's going to tell mama that I 'm out here with her old blue skirt and fur cape on! Let him! I think he 's the meanest—!"

But at that moment the mystery was explained. She had put up one hand to make certain of the arrangement of her veil, which since she had first donned it had been giving her not a little trouble, and discovered that it had become undone at the back, leaving exposed a small expanse of red hair.

"That 's how he knew!" she exclaimed. "If it had n't been for that he 'd have been fooled just as Roy was! Beastly old veil! And I just know he 's told mama, and they 're having a lovely joke about it! I 'm going in!"

She hurried to the Cottage and attempted the front door only to find that it was locked. Wrathfully she rang the bell. Steps sounded in the hall, the door was opened a little, and Mrs. Emery's face appeared for a brief moment. Then:

"Nothing to-day, thank you," said her mother, and the door closed again sharply before Harry had recovered from her surprise. Then she beat upon the portal with the umbrella and stabbed at the button until the bell fairly outdid itself. A window opened up-stairs and Mrs. Emery put her head out.

"If you don't go away at once," she said, "I 'll call the man to put you off the grounds. We don't allow peddlers here."

"I 'm not a peddler!" cried Harry. "I want to get in! I 'm Harry!"

"*What! Harry?*" exclaimed her mother. "Well, I am surprised!"

But Harry noticed that she was smiling broadly as she closed the window and disappeared. In a moment the door was opened and Harry passed inside, a little bit sulky.

"You knew it was me—I mean, *I!*" she declared. "You just did it to tease me!"

"What, knew you in those clothes?" asked her mother. "Why, how could I, my dear? And with that veil over your face? And tied so neatly too!"

"Yes, you did know; Dick told you! And he 's as mean as mean can be!"

"Dick? No, Dick did n't tell me, my dear. But I saw you leaving the house half an hour ago and my blue skirt was missing from its rack."

"Where 's Dick?" demanded Harry.

"Oh, he 's been gone some time. He came and

asked if he might pass through the house and go out by the back door; he said you and he were playing a game called—Detective, was n't it? So I told him he might, and the last I saw of him from my window he was climbing over the hedge into the ball field."

Harry sank into a chair, the black veil trailing from one hand, the silver-handled umbrella in the other.

"Foiled again!" she cried despairingly.

CHAPTER XII

THE MYSTERY IS SOLVED

HARRY told her story later to Roy and Chub, who laughed immoderately and, as Harry thought at first, somewhat unkindly. But after a while she joined her laughter with theirs.

"Oh, he's a peach!" declared Chub. "He's too much for us!"

"Nothing of the sort!" said Harry. "He got the better of me to-day, but—"

"A time will come!" suggested Chub.

"And I'll catch him yet; you see if I don't! He's not so awfully smart."

"Well, he seems to be smarter than any of us," said Roy. "I vote we leave him alone. When he gets good and ready, he will probably tell us what he's up to."

"Leave him alone nothing!" said Chub. "Even if we can't find out what he's doing, we can make his life a burden to him. And I, for one, propose to do it. Look at the way he treated us in Silver Cove the other day! Let him alone? Guess not!"

"No, indeed," agreed Harry, "it's war to the death!"

"Revenge!" suggested Roy laughingly.

"You bet!" answered Chub.

The next day, Dick, for some reason, refused to disappear or even attempt to. And that was

a great disappointment to Harry, who had made all preparations to follow him and discover his secret—although without the aid of a disguise. When they met, as they did several times in the



"THE SILENCE WAS SUDDENLY SHATTERED BY AN APPALLING 'AH, THERE!'"
(SEE PAGE 978.)

course of the day, Harry passed him with her small nose held at a disdainful angle. Dick only grinned.

There was hockey practice that afternoon, and Dick went down to the rink to look on. Of course Harry and Chub followed at a discreet distance, doing their best to appear unaware of his presence in the world. During practice Dick stood

across the ring and smiled amusedly at them whenever they glanced across, a proceeding which drove Harry to heights of exasperation. Once in a lull of practice Roy skated up to them.

"Do you see him over there?" he asked softly.

"Of course we do," answered Harry disgustedly. "Do you think we're blind? He's been grinning and grinning at us for half an hour."

Roy shook his head gravely.

"Ah," he muttered, "Little he recks, Mr. Thomas H. Eaton. Little he recks—"

Then he dashed away out of Chub's reach.

But the next day brought triumphs to Sherlock Holmes, Vidocq and Estrella De Vere, proving the truth of the old adage which declares that he laughs best who laughs last. For at noon Roy and Chub, tumbling out of School Hall after a recitation, found Harry awaiting them. Her eyes were dancing and she was all excitement.

"Revenge!" she whispered dramatically.

"Good! What's up?" asked Chub.

"I have tracked him to his lair!" whispered Harry. "All is discovered! The miscreant is in our power! Estrella De Vere has—"

"What do you mean, Harry? Have you found out about Dick?"

"I have discovered all! Listen!"

And Estrella De Vere, the Female Detective, with Sherlock Holmes on one side and Vidocq on the other passed down the path.

Ten minutes later Dick came out of School Hall and stood for a minute on the porch, looking idly about him. The snow which had covered the campus a foot deep a fortnight before, was almost gone, and in places the sere brown turf showed through the worn and tattered coverlid of white. It was quite warm to-day, with a muggy atmosphere and a leaden sky. There was a steady *drip, drip* from the eaves and ledges and the walks were showing borders of trickling water. Dick frowned and looked anxiously into the sky. What he saw there seemed to please him but little, for the frown deepened.

"Two or three days of this sort of weather," he muttered half aloud, "and the ice won't be worth a cent."

Then, looking carefully about him again, he went down the steps and turned to the right toward Burgess. There were several boys in sight, but, and this was suspicious, neither Chub, Roy, nor Harry was to be seen. Having apparently decided upon a course of action, he left the study room, crossed the corridor and opened a door which gave on to a descending stairway leading to the cellar. Down this he went very quietly, reached the furnace room, and from there gained the outer air by way of a flight of stone

steps. He was in a small stone-paved court behind the building, with the hedge marking inner bounds but a few paces away. There was a gate here, and, making his way between a double row of ash-barrels, he passed through it and plunged into the Grove. Then he turned to the right and wound between the trees, crossing the path to the boat-house and river at right angles, and keeping well out of sight of the windows of the Halls. Five minutes of this brought him to the corner of the hedge. Here the trees ceased abruptly and gave way to snow-covered fields. Crouching behind the hedge so that his head was below the top of it, he followed it at right angles to his first course until opposite to the barn and stables. Here he raised his head and reconnoitered. There was no one in sight and presently he was wriggling his way through a hole in the hedge. From there he passed around the back of the small stable and fetched up before a small door leading to the basement of the barn. That door required careful handling, for it hung only by one leather hinge. But Dick managed to get through it, displaying a certain degree of familiarity with its idiosyncrasies, and closed it behind him.

He found himself in total darkness, but without hesitation he crossed the earthen floor and climbed a narrow flight of steps. As he went upward, the darkness gave way to gray twilight and when he reached the main floor of the barn behind the cow stalls it was light enough to allow him to see distinctly about him. So far, he had made scarcely a sound since entering the building, and now he crept very quietly along until he could see the closed door. The barn was deserted, save for the inmates of the boxes across the bare floor, and even they were so quiet that no one would have suspected their presence. Dick gave a sigh of relief and walked less stealthily to the back of the barn where a ladder led straight upward to the edge of the loft. He sprang nimbly onto it and ascended until he could crawl over the edge of the upper flooring.

In the center of the loft, under the small window, was a large packing box and beside it, was a small one. On the larger one were spread several sheets of brown paper, pencils, a square, a rule, a pair of dividers and other tools of the draftsman. There was a good light from the window in spite of the fact that its four small panes were obscured with dust and spider-webs.

Dick went to his improvised table, took up a piece of kneaded rubber which lay there, and played with it while he studied the top sheet of paper. It was pretty well covered with lines and figures, but only the designer knew what they stood for. After a moment he drew the small

box up and sat down on it, discarded the eraser for pencil and rule, and set to work.

It was very quiet in the barn. Now and then Methuselah moved in his cage and muttered unintelligibly, or a bat squeaked somewhere overhead in the darkness. Soon Dick was quite oblivious to everything save the work before him. He drew lines with his pencil, used ruler and dividers, set down figures on a smaller sheet of paper and multiplied or added or subtracted, erased lines already drawn, and through it all wore a deep frown which told how wholly absorbed he was in the task. And so he did n't hear the soft rustlings which came from the top of the haymow a few feet away, when three heads were thrust into view. Heard nothing in fact, until the silence was suddenly shattered by an appalling "*Ah, there!*"

He heard then; oh, yes, quite plainly!

Down dropped his pencil, over went the smaller box with a slam and Dick was staggering away in an effort to find his feet, his face very white and his mouth wide open for the exclamation of alarm which he was too frightened to give. There followed a brief moment of silence during which Dick stared at the three laughing, triumphant faces topping the haymow. Then the color crept back into his cheeks and he slowly closed his mouth.

"Humph!" he said at last.

"Move hand or foot," cried Chub dramatically, "and you are a dead man!"

"We have you in our power at last!" added Harry. "And—"

"Little you recked," said Roy.

Dick picked up the box and began to grin.

"Well, you caught me at last, did n't you?" he asked. "But I don't see why Harry left off that lovely disguise of hers."

"If you had n't seen my hair—" began Harry vehemently.

"Be careful what you say," interrupted Chub, sliding down from the top of the mow, "for it will be used against you."

The others followed and Roy playfully dug Dick in the ribs.

"Old Smarty was caught at last, was n't he?" he cried.

"Took you long enough, though," said Dick. "And gave you some good exercise, too, eh?"

"We don't deny, my boy, that you fooled us very nicely several times," answered Chub, "but the expression on your handsome countenance a moment ago made up for everything."

"I dare say," laughed Dick. "I was scared stiff when I heard your '*Ah, there!*' How did you find out about this drawing-room of mine?"

"That was Harry," said Roy. "She came in here this morning before school and let 'Thuse-lah out of his cage, and he climbed up here and would n't come down. And as she had to hurry to school she came up and got him and saw the things here. Then she told us about it, and after school we hurried over here and hid in the hay."

"Well," said Dick regretfully, "I wish I 'd stuck to my first plan and gone to the Cove instead of coming up here. Then you 'd all have had a nice quiet afternoon in the hay."

"But you did n't!" said Harry triumphantly, "And it was the female detective that discovered you. Sherlock Holmes and Vidocq were out-detected by Estrella De Vere!"

"Eh?" asked Dick.

Then they told him all about their impersonations and he thought it was a huge joke, and mollified Harry completely by congratulating her on her triumph over the others. Then they compared notes for the past week.

"Where did you go the day we followed you to the stationery store?" asked Roy.

"I went out the back door and came around to the street and watched from the next corner until you crossed and went into the store. Then I went—about my business."

"And that reminds me," said Roy, "that we don't know yet what you 're up to. Are you going to 'fess up now?"

"Sure. I 'd have told you all about it long ago if you had n't begun this detective work. When I found what you were up to, I thought I 'd just give you a run for your money."

"Is it anything about the F. H. S. I. S.?" asked Harry. Dick shook his head.

"No," he replied. "The fact is that 's at a standstill, I guess. I 've had it in mind right along, but I can't think of any way to go ahead. How about you?"

"I have n't thought of anything," Harry confessed. And Roy and Chub answered the same way.

"Look here, Dick, what does all this mean—eh?" asked Roy, who was staring perplexedly at the drawing on top of the packing-case. "Are you inventing something?"

"Pshaw," said Chub, "that 's just a problem in trig., is n't it, Dick?"

"Well, as you know all about it, Mr. Thomas H. Eaton, what 's the use of asking me?"

"No, go ahead and tell us like a good fellow," said Roy.

"Well, then, it 's the plan of an ice-boat."

"Ice-boat!" exclaimed the others in chorus.

"Yes, why not?"

"But—but what 's it for?" asked Chub.

"To sail."

"You mean you are going to make one?"

"Yes, it's being made now."

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" Chub exclaimed. "Whatever put that into your crazy head?"

"Oh, I've wanted it ever since I saw that one of Thurston's the day that Roy took a cold bath. So I found out all I could about the things, read everything I could find, you know. That was what I was doing in the library when you thought I was reading about fly-casting or something."

"Did n't think anything of the kind," Roy disclaimed. "I saw you turn the pages as we came up."

"Did you? All right. Well, I finally got some idea about the things and had a talk with a fellow at the Cove. He builds boats, but has never tried his hand at ice-boats before. He did n't want to have anything to do with it at first, but I finally got him interested. He said I'd better go to some fellow at Poughkeepsie or somewhere who knew all about them, but I told him I wanted it made where I could have a finger in the pie. So he got busy. I made the drawings and he's building accordingly."

"Is this it?" asked Roy interestedly, pointing to the plan before him.

"No, that's only the sail-plan. The other's at the Cove; Johnson has it."

"That's what you bought the lumber for!" exclaimed Chub. Dick nodded.

"Yes. And I've bought a lot more since then. It's costing like anything, but it's lots of fun. I want you all to go over with me Saturday and have a look at it."

"How big is it, Dick?" asked Roy.

"It's just a smallish one," was the answer. "She's twenty-nine feet long by eighteen wide."

"Phew!" cried Roy. "It does n't sound small! When will it be done?"

"I don't know; in a week or so, I guess. The worst thing is figuring about the sails. You see I don't know very much about sailing; never sailed anything in my life but a kite. So it's puzzling and I'm more than half guessing. Maybe the fool thing won't go when it is done."

"Of course it'll go," said Chub. "A sail's a sail."

"What are you going to call her?" asked Harry.

"I have n't thought much about the name yet.

Usually they call 'em *Icicles* or *Jack Frosts* or *Blizzards*, but I'd rather have something a little newer."

"Well, you can name her after me if you want to," observed Chub modestly.

"Yes, call her the *Chump*," said Roy.

"Let's all think of names for it!" cried Harry. "We'll write them down so as not to forget them and then we'll give them to Dick and he can select one."

"And the one whose name is selected," suggested Chub, "gets a prize, like—like not having to ride on the boat."

"You'll be glad enough to ride on her when you see her," said Dick.

"Who, me?" queried Chub. "Well, maybe so; I'm naturally of a brave and reckless disposition. In fact, as far as I'm personally concerned, I'd like it, but there is the community to think of. Of course, Mr. Thomas H. Eaton owes it to the community to be careful of himself, and not—"

"You're talking a great deal of nonsense," said Harry. "If Dick asks me to go with him I'll go mighty quick!"

"If it's any sort of a boat that's just the way you will go," observed Roy dryly. "So quick you won't know what's happening to you."

"But say, you fellows," interrupted Dick, "I've got to finish this plan this afternoon so as to take it over to-morrow. I don't want to seem inhospitable, but if you'll just let me alone for about an hour, I can do it."

"Of course we will," Harry declared. "We'll go right away. Come on, Vidocq and Sherlock Holmes!"

"You're sure you don't want me to stay and help you?" asked Chub. "I'm a terror at planning; once I planned a dog-house."

"I'll bet it was a peach!" jeered Roy.

"It was. I put a door at each end so Caesar could get in and out easily, but the fool dog thought it was a tunnel and used to run through it full tilt like an express train."

"Get out!" said Dick.

"Fact, really! He'd get a good start and go through like sixty; and he used to whistle as he went in."

"You come on home after that, Mr. Thomas H. Eaton!" cried Harry.

"All right, here goes," laughed Chub. "This is no place for real genius, anyway. After you, Miss Estrella De Vere."

(To be continued.)



BY

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

THERE never were seen such beautiful gardens as bloomed in Kissington-by-the-Sea. Not only every chateau and villa had its parterres spread with blooming rugs of all colors, but each white-washed cottage, every thatched hut, boasted its garden-plot of dainty posies. Each had some quaint device or some special beauty which distinguished it from the others. For there was great horticultural rivalry in Kissington-by-the-Sea.

Now this was all because Hugh, the Lord Mayor, who was very fond of flowers, had offered a prize for the prettiest garden in the town. The Lord Mayor himself lived on a hill in the center of the town, in the midst of the most beautiful garden of all. It flowed down the hillside from the summit in ripples of radiant color,—roses and lilies, pinks and daffodils, larkspur and snapdragon. All the flowers of the land were there, and many foreigners beside. Through the garden wound the yellow driveway by which the Lord Mayor passed in his golden coach. He loved to drive slowly down this road, sniffing the fragrance of his flowers, and then out through the streets of the town, observing the beautiful gardens on every hand,—the result of his own love for flowers.

When the Lord Mayor saw all the fair maidens down on their knees in the flower-beds, watering the buds with their little green water-pots, nipping off dead leaves, pulling up scrawny weeds, coaxing the delicate vines to climb, he would rub his hands and say:

"Ah, this is good, this is very good indeed! We shall have the most beautiful town in the world, blossoming with flowers, and the most beautiful maids in the world, blossoming with health and sweetness like the flowers they tend.

"THE COUNTESS SPIED THE LORD MAYOR'S SON GOING PAST HER VILLA."

It will be hard to tell which is the fairer, the maidens or the flowers. Hey! Is it not so, my son?" Then he would chuckle and poke in the ribs the young man who rode beside him.

The Lord Mayor's son was very good to look upon, tall and fair with curly golden locks and eyes as brown as the heart of a yellow daisy. When he drove through the town with the Lord Mayor the maidens down on their knees in their garden-plots would pause a moment from their chase of a wiggling worm or a sluggish slug to look after the golden coach and sigh gently. Then they would turn back to their flowers more eagerly than before. For there was the Prize!

You see, the Lord Mayor's son was himself part of the prize to be won. The Lord Mayor had vowed that Cedric, his son, should marry the girl who could show by late summer the most beautiful garden in Kissington-by-the-Sea. Moreover, he promised to build a fine palace to overlook this prize garden, and there the young couple should live happy ever after, like any Prince and Princess. And this was why the maids worked so hard in the gardens of Kissington-by-the-Sea, and why the flowers blossomed there as no flowers ever blossomed before.

Now one day the Lord Mayor drove through the village in his golden coach and came out upon the downs near the sea-shore. And there, quite by itself, he found a little cottage which he had never before seen: a tiny cottage which had no sign of a garden anywhere about it,—only a few flowers growing in cracked pots on the window-sills, and on the bench just outside the door.

"What!" cried the Lord Mayor, stopping the coach. "What does this mean? There should be a garden here. I must look to the reason for this contempt of my offer." And he jumped down from the coach and rapped sharply upon the door.

Presently the door opened, and there stood a girl, all in rags, but so beautiful that the Lord Mayor's son, who was sitting languidly in the golden coach, shut his eyes as one does when a great light shines suddenly in one's face.

"Hey!" cried the Lord Mayor, frowning. "Why have you no garden, girl? Have you no pride? Do you not dream to win the prize which I offer?"

"I am a stranger," said the maiden timidly. "No one has told me of a prize. What may it be, my Lord?"

"It is a prize worth trying for," said the Lord Mayor. "The hand of my son there, and the finest palace in the land for the mistress of the prize garden. Does that thought please you, girl? If not you are different from all the other maidens."

The girl lifted her eyes to the golden coach and met the gaze of Cedric fixed upon her.

"I love flowers," she said. "I had once a little garden in my old home. But now I am too poor to buy plants and bulbs and seedlings. How then shall I make a garden to please your Lordship?"

"I will send you plants and bulbs and seedlings," said the Lord Mayor's son, leaning forward eagerly. "You must make haste, for September will soon be here, when the gardens will be judged."

"Thank you, fair sir," said the girl. "I shall love my garden dearly, if you help me."

Now when the Lord Mayor and his son had returned home, Cedric hastened to keep his promise. For Gerda was the fairest maid in Kissington-by-the-Sea, and already he loved her so dearly that he hoped she would win the prize and become his wife.

He sent her the most beautiful flowers that he could find and from his father's garden its choicest seedlings; he brought shrubs from the city market.

The meadow between Gerda's cottage and the sea was transformed as if by magic, and became a mass of rare and lovely flowers. The choicest

foreign plants, the gayest native blooms, the shyest wild posies,—all were at home in Gerda's lovely garden over which the sea-breeze blew. But Gerda herself was the fairest flower of them all. She watched and cared for her garden tenderly, and like the garden she grew fairer every day, she was so happy. She did not know how the other gardens grew, for she did not go to see. But sometimes the Lord Mayor's son came,



"BUT SOMETIMES THE LORD MAYOR'S SON CAME."

disguised as a courtier, to see how the flowers fared. And he said that she had the most beautiful garden in all Kissington-by-the-Sea, and he hoped that she would win the prize, which was very encouraging.

No one else knew about Gerda's garden. It was far from town, and no one dreamed that a stranger had come to live there. Besides, the neighbors were so busy, each with her own af-

fairs, that they had no time to go about or ask questions, or gossip; which was a good thing.

No, I am wrong. One person had discovered the open secret. In a villa not far from the Lord Mayor's house dwelt a Countess who was very rich and proud. Until Gerda came she had boasted the finest garden in Kissington-by-the-Sea, made by a whole army of gardeners whom she kept at her command. She was quite sure of winning the prize in the end, and it made her very gay, though she cared nothing at all about flowers. She left all the care of her garden to her gardeners and scarcely ever wandered down its lovely walks. But she longed to marry the Lord Mayor's son and live in a palace. It was the palace that she coveted as a prize, and the honor of being the Lord Mayor's daughter; to ride in the golden coach.

She cared no more about Cedric himself than she did for her lovely flowers.

One day this Countess, who had very sharp eyes, spied the Lord Mayor's son, in his disguise, going past her villa with his arms full of curious flowers such as were never before seen in Kissington-by-the-Sea. And because she had unusually sharp eyes the Countess knew who he was.

"Aha!" she said to herself. "This is strange! Cedric is meddling with some garden. I must look into this!"

Secretly she followed Cedric through the village and out to the sea-shore until he came to Gerda's garden. And there she saw him walking with the fair stranger up and down among the flowers. And the secret was discovered.

The Countess was a very wicked woman. When she looked over the transformed meadow and saw the beautiful garden which Gerda had, she nearly died of rage. She knew at once that beside this one her own garden had no chance of winning the prize. She stamped her feet in jealous fury and cried:

"She shall not have the palace! She shall not ride in the golden coach! I will see that she shall not!"

The Countess stole home with wicked wishes in her heart and wicked plans in her head. The next day but one was the day of the award, so she had no time to lose. That night when every one was asleep she crept out of her villa and along the road by which she had followed the Lord Mayor's son, to Gerda's garden. Everything was quiet and peaceful. The flowers looked very fair in the moonlight, breathing drowsy perfumes. But the wicked woman cared nothing at all for them. Taking a great pair of shears from her cloak she moved quickly in and out among the garden beds, cutting, and slashing the precious flowers and trampling them under foot.

When she had finished her cruel work, not a single bud lifted its head from the ruin. The flower-beds looked as though a tempest had swept over them. Poor Gerda's garden was quite destroyed!

The Countess chuckled as she hurried home through the night: "We shall see now who wins the prize!"

The next day Cedric thought that he would visit the garden of sweet Gerda in which he had taken such an interest. Dressed in a gardener's green smock he went through the town, whistling happily as any yokel. But when he reached the little cottage by the sea, he ceased to whistle. Gerda was sitting upon the door-stone weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter, Gerda?" asked Cedric anxiously, and he sought to comfort her. She could only sob:

"Oh! My dear garden! Oh! My poor flowers!"

With a sinking heart Cedric ran to the garden-close, and there he saw all the ruin that the wicked Countess had wrought.

"Alas! Who has done this?" he cried.

But Gerda could not tell. Cedric's heart was nearly broken. For he loved Gerda so dearly that he thought he could not live if another should win the prize. To-morrow would be the day that would determine his fate. What could they do? Suddenly he had an idea.

"Farewell, Gerda!" he cried, and without another word he strode away.

Then Gerda wept more bitterly than ever. She thought that the Lord Mayor's son was angry with her because her garden was destroyed. This was worse even than the loss of her flowers.

But Cedric was far from angry with her. He had gone away in order to think and plan. He had one hope. He remembered that he had a friend who had once promised to help him in his time of trouble. The time had come.

That very night when the moon rose over the water, Cedric went down to the sea and stood upon a rock and recited this charm:

"Mermaid, Mermaid, rise from the sea!
I am in trouble. Hasten to me!"

Hardly had he spoken the words when there was a little ripple in the water at his feet, and a beautiful Mermaid appeared, clinging to the rock over which the waves dashed prettily in the moonlight. And she said:

"Lord Mayor's son, you have spoken the charm which I taught you, and I have come from the bottom of the sea. I have not forgotten how once a cruel fisherman caught me in his net and how

you had pity on me and took me to the ocean and set me free. Then I promised to help you, if ever you should be in trouble. What is your grief, Lord Mayor's son?"

Then Cedric told her about Gerda's garden and its mishap. "Ah! She must be the sweet, ragged

you find out the cruel person who has destroyed Gerda's garden? And can you restore the garden itself before to-morrow? I ask these two things of you."

"It is easy to find the jealous woman," said the Mermaid. "Her you will know at the right time.



"THROUGH THE TOWN THE MERRY PROCESSION MOVED."

maid who used to sit upon the rocks and gaze down into my ocean," said the Mermaid. "She has a good heart and loves the sea. Early this morning I heard her weeping bitterly for her lost flowers and for you. She loves you dearly, Lord Mayor's son, and I love you both. What shall I do to help you?"

"Dear Mermaid," said Cedric eagerly, "Can

But the garden is another matter. However, I will do my best for the two whom I love. And now, farewell!"

With that word she slid down the rocks, and in a little splash of spray vanished into the sea.

Now the morrow was the day when the Lord Mayor was to judge the gardens of Kissington-by-the-Sea. In all the towers the bells were ringing merrily, and on every side the flowers and the fair maidens were blooming their brightest. Through the town rode the Lord Mayor in his golden coach drawn by six prancing white steeds, their necks wreathed with flowers; and behind followed a great rout of townsfolk, eager to see the gardens judged. In the Lord Mayor's coach

sat Cedric by his father's side. He was dressed all in white, as became a bridegroom, and in his hands he carried a huge bouquet of white roses. His cheeks were white, too, for he was anxious to know what this day should bring, and what maiden was to receive the bridal bouquet.

Through the town the merry procession moved, and stopped in turn before each garden, at the gate of which a sweet maid waited, her little heart going pit-a-pat beneath her prettiest gown. The Lord Mayor inspected each garden carefully, making notes in a little white and gold book. And each fair maiden gazed at the handsome Cedric and hoped that the Lord Mayor was writing down her name to be his daughter-in-law!

But all the gardens were so beautiful that it seemed impossible to choose between them. In each the Lord Mayor looked and looked, smiled and nodded,—“Very good! Very good indeed! Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful! I am truly proud of the fair flowers and the fair maids of Kissington-by-the-Sea. Surely, never such were seen before!” Then he would note his little memorandum, make a low bow to the maiden and would mount into the golden coach and whirl away to the next garden.

At last, when they had gone in a circle around the village, they came to the villa of the wicked Countess. The crowd murmured admiringly. There was no doubt about it; hers was certainly the finest garden of all. When the Lord Mayor saw the gay parterres and fountains, the shady alleys and cool grottoes, the wonderful flowers and shrubs growing luxuriantly everywhere, he clapped his hands with pleasure and said:

“Ah! This is Paradise indeed! Here surely we must look for our bride. Countess, I congratulate you!”

The Countess was dressed in a most costly gown of white satin and dark velvet, indeed, as though she were sure beforehand that hers was to be the prize. She arched her neck and smiled maliciously at the Lord Mayor's son, in whose eyes was no love for her.

“I shall be proud indeed to ride in your golden coach,” she said.

Cedric had grown very white, and he looked at the Countess with disgust. She was so much less fair than Gerda, and her eyes so wicked. Must he marry her after all? Yes, unless the Mermaid had wrought a miracle in Gerda's ruined garden. To that hope he still clung.

“Father,” he said earnestly, “before you judge that this lady has won the prize, remember that there is one more garden to visit. Have you forgotten the stranger maiden who lives beside the sea, and how you bade her make a garden as the

other maids were doing? Let us first go there, for she may be waiting.”

“Ho, ho!” said the Lord Mayor laughing. “I had in truth forgotten the pretty beggar. It is absurd to dream that she should have a garden worth visiting after that of our Countess here. Yet we will go to see, and do her justice.”

The Countess laughed shrilly. “A beggar's garden!” she cried. “That must indeed be a wondrous sight!”

“Do you come with us, my lady,” said the Lord Mayor politely. “Sit here by my son's side in the Lord Mayor's coach. For I trow that here will soon be your rightful place as his bride.”

Now it pleased the Countess to ride in the Lord Mayor's coach, and it pleased her more that she was to see the shame of Gerda and the disappointment of Cedric when Gerda's pitiful little garden should be judged. So with a great rustle of satin and lace she gave her hand to the Lord Mayor and mounted proudly into the golden coach. But Cedric sat beside her pale and silent, little like a happy bridegroom.

With a snapping of whips and tooting of horns off they went, rattling through the streets of the town, out over the downs toward the sea. Behind them followed the townsfolk in a great crowd, wondering exceedingly whither the Lord Mayor was leading them. For they knew of no garden here. Presently, with another flourish and a cracking of whips, amid the barking of dogs and the shouts of little boys, the Lord Mayor's coach drew up in front of the tiny cottage by the sea. And the people wondered more than ever. For there was no garden anywhere to be seen.

The Lord Mayor alighted, chuckling as if it were all a great joke, and helped down the Countess, who was grinning maliciously. Last of all Cedric descended and stood waiting eagerly while the Lord Mayor with his staff beat three times upon the door.

Presently the door opened, and there stood Gerda, dressed all in a gown of sea-green silk, with a string of pearls about her neck and a pink coral wreath in her hair. She was so beautiful that all the people in the crowd cried “Oh!” with a sound like the wind in the top of a pine-tree, and the Lord Mayor himself fell back a step, staring in surprise. The Countess turned saffron yellow and bit her lips with envy; but still she smiled, for she knew what she had done to Gerda's garden.

As for Cedric, he stood and gazed as though his eyes were glued to fair Gerda's face, until after a bashful silence of a moment she spoke.

"You have come to see my garden," she said. "It is not like other gardens, but I think it is very beautiful. Will you come with me?"

She led them around the cottage to the meadow beside the sea where once had been the beautiful little garden which the Countess had destroyed. But what was this? Where were the lawns and hedges and beds of flowers? Where

"Father," he begged, "let us go nearer, as the maiden asks, and look at this which she calls her garden. Mayhap we shall find something new to Kissington-by-the-Sea." For when Cedric saw how sweetly the maid was dressed in colors and tokens of the ocean, his heart leaped with hope that the Mermaid had in some mysterious way redeemed her promise.

"Very well," said the Lord Mayor, frowning. "Let us see what this foolish whim betokens. Show us your garden, girl."

Down the slope they went, followed by the gaping crowd which cast curious looks upon Gerda as she walked by the side of the Lord Mayor's son.

"Tell me, what has happened, Gerda?" he asked her, speaking low so that no one else might hear.

"Last night," she whispered, "I went to bed weeping for my lost flowers and my lost hope. But at midnight I was awakened by the roaring of the sea.

It grew louder and louder, and at last a great wave seemed to burst over the sea-wall and come foaming up even to the cottage door. I

was frightened sorely. But in the midst of my terror I heard a soft voice cry:

"Fear not, gentle Gerda, and weep no more for your lost flowers. The gardeners of the sea have come to restore your garden. And there will be a fine gown for you. Look for it upon the door-stone in the morning. Farewell!" That was all.

The sea ceased its roaring, and peacefully I fell asleep. In the morning I found upon the door-stone this green gown. And when I looked upon the plot where late my poor little garden bloomed, I saw *this*. Behold!"

As she spoke they came to the edge of the pool. And a chorus of wonder was rising from the crowd. The Lord Mayor stood with hands raised gazing down into the pool; and every one else was gazing too, with eyes of wonder.

The water was as clear as glass, and one could see to the very bottom of the hollow which had once held Gerda's unlucky garden. Now the basin was floored with polished mother-of-pearl, with beds and borders of colored



"GERDA FINDS THE MERMAID'S GIFT
UPON THE DOOR-STONE."

was the green grass? Gone! Over the spot lay a sheet of rippling water, reflecting the blue Summer sky.

"What does this mean?" said the Lord Mayor, turning to Gerda sternly.

"I ask to see a garden, and you show me a pool of water. Girl, do you jest at the Lord Mayor?"

"Nevertheless, this is my garden, sir," said Gerda gently, "and a fair garden I think you will find it if you deign to look closely."

"Nonsense!" said the Lord Mayor crossly, and "Nonsense!" sniffed the Countess with her nose in the air. But Cedric stepped forward with his eyes shining, for he wanted justice done.

shells in lovely patterns. There were lawns of many-hued ocean moss, bordered by shrubs of coral, blossoming in every form and size and color,—spikes and clusters, daisy-stars and bell shapes, all the variety of a flower-garden. Sea-anemones and other living plants opened and shut their tender petals. Delicate sea-ferns like maiden-hair and flowering grasses grew upon rockeries of coral. Hedges of sea-weed, green and brown, yellow and pink, waved their fronds gently in the water as leaves do in the air. And to and fro among the branches of sea-trees moved glittering shapes of gold and silver, pink and pale blue. These were the rainbow fishes, birds and butterflies of ocean, their delicate fins moving more gracefully even than wings can do. Dear little sea-horses ran races up and down the coral alleys, and luminous forms moved among the sea-weed, lighting the garden with living lanterns. Here and there were grottoes of coral and pretty arbors, and the garden was thronged with a multitude of curious sea-creatures even the names of which no man knows. For the gardeners of Cedric's friend the Mermaid had scoured the ocean to find the rarest and most beautiful wonders which grow in a deep-sea garden, such as no mortal eye ever sees.

After a time the Lord Mayor recovered breath to speak. "Maiden," he said, "however you came by this wondrous ocean-garden I do not care to ask. It is enough that we have such a treasure in Kissington-by-the-Sea. Among all our lovely gardens it is the fairest. Among all our curious flowers these living ones are rarest. I therefore judge that to you belongs the prize."

Then a great cheer arose from the border of the pool where all the folk were bending eagerly to study the wonders in the waters below. Even the maidens whose gardens had not won the prize cheered,—all except the Countess. She ground her teeth with rage, for she saw that her wicked plot had been in vain.

The Lord Mayor stepped forward and took Gerda's hand. "Come hither, my son," he said, "and take this fair stranger to be your bride. In this spot where her little cottage stands, I will build for you a beautiful villa.

Then with a happy face Cedric took Gerda's hand in one of his, and with his other gave her

the great white bouquet of roses. "I obey my father's wish," he said. He needed not to tell that it was his own wish, too.

Thereupon every one cheered again, waving caps and handkerchiefs, for no one could help



"TO TAKE THE NEAREST PEARL SHE HAD TO BEND LOW."

loving the beautiful pair and wishing them happiness. Only the Countess stood silent and frowning, looking ugly as a goblin.

When the shouting had ceased Gerda stepped forward and spoke sweetly to the people.

"Kind friends," she said, "I am a stranger to your town, yet my garden has been judged worthy of the prize. But I am sorry for the fair maidens who have so long and faithfully tended

their lovely flowers. To me it seems that they also should have a reward. In my garden grows a hedge of plants bearing precious fruit,—the pearl oysters, which you see gaping with the white pearls in their mouths. I would have each maid of the town come and take one for her own."

There was great rejoicing and murmuring of thanks as the maidens came forward one by one and bent over the pool to choose each a precious pearl. The Countess alone hung back.

"Come hither, Countess," said the Lord Mayor when he saw that all others had been rewarded save her only. "Come hither and choose your pearl. You should indeed have the finest, for your garden would have won the prize but for these sea-wonders by which it was outdone."

"Choose, fair lady," said Gerda, smiling kindly. But the Countess would not come.

"I have pearls enough of my own," she snapped. "I need no charity from a beggar!"

"What!" cried the Lord Mayor frowning. "Such words are not meetly addressed to my daughter-in-law. Nay, they show an evil heart, Countess."

"Say that she shall do this, Father," cried Ced-

ric, stepping forward eagerly, for he seemed to hear a secret whisper from the Mermaid prompting him. "Else we shall think that she was the wicked one who destroyed another's garden in the hope of winning the prize herself."

At this challenge the Countess came forward sullenly to the edge of the pool. To take the nearest pearl she had to bend low, until her face drew close to the water. Suddenly the watching crowd saw a flash and a splash and heard a shrill scream. The Countess rose, shrieking horribly. A huge crab had fastened himself to her nose: and not easily could she be freed from this unwelcome ornament! At last they tore away the crab, but the tip of the Countess's nose was gone, and she wore a scar always, even to the end of her unhappy days.

This was the Mermaid's punishment for her own cruel harm to Gerda's garden.

But Gerda and Cedric lived happily ever after in the beautiful villa which the Lord Mayor built for them on the edge of their wonder-garden beside the sea. And sometimes the Mermaid herself came there to visit them, and to bring them some new precious thing from the watery world where she dwelt.

A MODERN CONTRARY MARY

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

Mary, Mary Quite Contrary, fashioned she was this way:

She'd always shirk when she ought to work and sulk when she ought to play.

If you offered a peach she had wished a pear, if you said "Let's read" she'd sew;

'T was always "No" when you looked for "Yes" and "Yes" when you hoped for "No."

And when April came and they gave her seeds for her pretty flower-plot

She said, "I am sure these are not right," and planted another lot.

Mary, Mary Quite Contrary—how did her garden grow?

With worthless seeds and untouched weeds it made a sorry show:

There were tangled vines and stunted stalks and bushes all forlorn,

Poison ivy and "sour-grass," thistle and rue and thorn;

Never a bee came pilfering there nor humming-bird to woo,

Never a robin perched and sang, the whole long summer through.

Mary, Mary no more contrary,—what did she do, poor thing?

She shut the gate on her garden's fate, and bided another Spring.

And while she waited she thought some thoughts, and came at last, to find,

That it is n't just wise to set your mind 'gainst every one else's mind.

So now there is joy in the flower-plot when Summer comes to call,—

Rosies and posies,—and Mary Maid, sweetest and best of all!



LINING UP FOR THE RACE

FOR BOTH

BY SALLY CAMPBELL

SOMEBODY had given Paula Powers two boxes of beads for her birthday. She was stringing a beautiful chain now.

"What a nice present!" said Mrs. Pratt, who was calling. "They would be delightful for my hospital children,—keep the poor little things amused for a long time."

That gave Paula an idea. She would play that she was a hospital child. She loved new plays.

So she propped herself up on the sofa, with a shawl over her knees, which was like being in a cot in a ward, and pretended she was Jane Smith.

Jane was wild over the present that a kind lady had brought her. She asked the nurse to let her make a necklace at once. The nurse—who generally was Mrs. Powers—let her.

But when you get one idea you are very likely to get another. Did you ever notice that about ideas? That they don't stop?

I am not sure whether Paula said to Jane or Jane said to Paula:

"Why don't you make it real, instead of only a game? Instead of pretending to be a hospital child, why don't you *be* a little lady (ladies are of all ages) and send one of your boxes to Mrs. Pratt's hospital? You have two."

Paula—I am sure that this was Paula—held tight hold of both her boxes as though some one were pulling them from her.

"How foolish!" said she. "You don't give away your birthday presents. It is n't polite. You enjoy them yourself."

She jumped up from the sofa and ran over and looked out of the window.

But the idea followed her.

"Uncle Robert told me about a man that was a king who had a birthday," she remembered. "He had some Christian captives locked up in his

dungeons. So he called for his jailer and told him to take the keys and open their doors and let them all go out free, to keep his birthday. I said it was a perfectly splendid way to keep it. I said I wished I could do something like that for mine. This is n't much like it, but it's a little. But I don't want to do it."

Mrs. Pratt was looking at her watch.

Paula ran up-stairs to her grandmother's room.

"Would you mind if I gave away your beads to somebody that's poor and sick? It is n't for impoliteness; it's for keeping my birthday."

This was not very clear, Paula knew. But things do not have to be very clear to grandmothers. They understand.

"I should love it," said grandmother.

When Paula spoke to Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Pratt said:

"Come with me, Paula! Get your hat, and we will go together and give your present."

They did exactly that.

Did you ever go to a hospital where a little girl named Melia Thompson—or some other name—

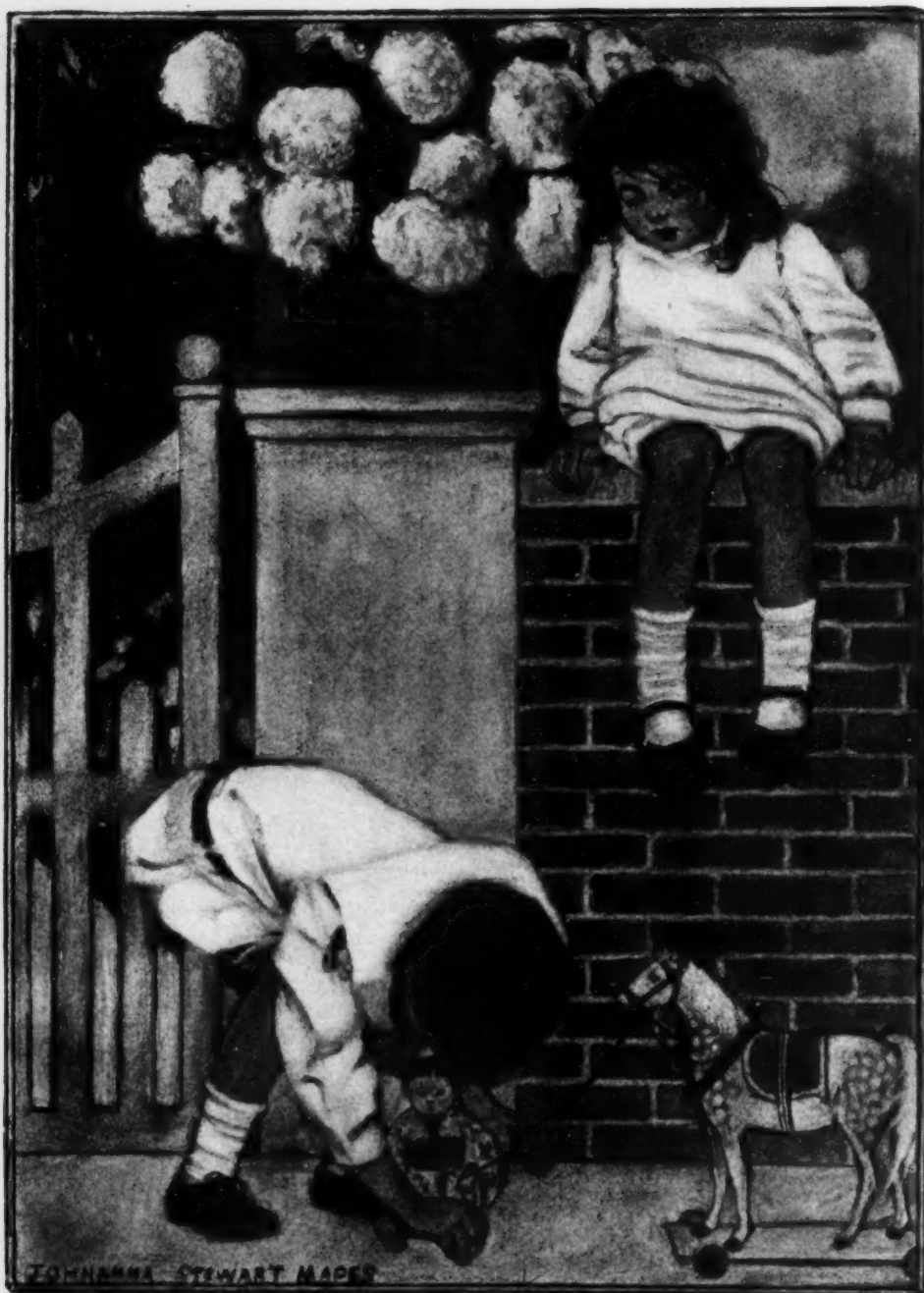
was wondering how long an afternoon could be that had been so very long already and it was only half past two o'clock? Did you ever walk into the room just when she was deciding that, even if she was nine years old and there were four more Thompsons at home younger than she was, she was not too old to cry—quietly, under the edge of the sheet—taking into consideration the pains in her hurt leg, and "the fidgets" in her other, and how tired she was, and that her heart was 'way down at the foot of the bed? Did you walk straight over to her, before she could begin, and change everything in a twinkling, and make everything nice and lovely and exciting, instead of horrid?

If you never did, then you do not know how much Paula enjoyed her birthday afternoon. So if you wish to appreciate this story—or one like it—you will have to take a present to a hospital child yourself. For, after all, the best way to know how things feel is to feel them.

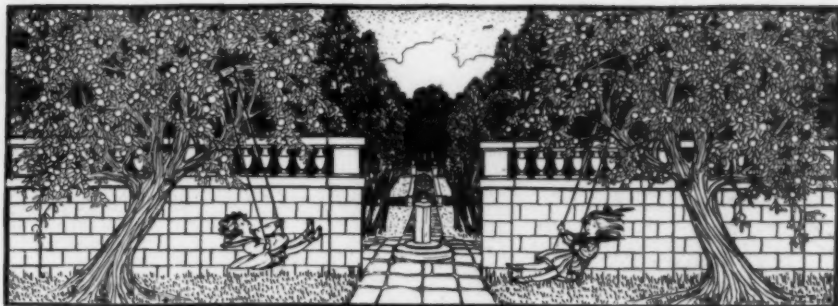
Pictures are pretty nearly as good as beads. But beads are newer.



LEAP-FROG BY MOONLIGHT



"HE'S MAKING UP SOME GAME ABOUT MY DOLLY AND HIS HORSE."



WHAT BETTY THINKS OF BOBBY

BY CAROLYN WELLS

My brother is the grandest boy! You ought to see him jump	And when we play, he lets me choose what I think is most fun;
From big, high steps where I 'm afraid, he just comes down ker-plump!	Then, if he does n't like that game, we choose another one.
I 'm just exactly Bobby's size, 'cause we are twins, you see;	Bobby is very brave and bold. I s'pose, as like as not,
But Bobby knows such heaps of things,—and tells them all to me.	If 'leven tigers came at once, he 'd kill them with one shot!
He tells me every single day, "You don't know nothin' 't all!	For Bobby says he 's not afraid of bears or any beast;
Now, Betty, while I fix this play, you sit still on the wall."	And he can shoot an elephant! He told me so, at least.
Sometimes he says, "Don't bother me," and then I know, of course,	I do love Bobby. And sometimes I tell him so. But he
He 's making up some game about my dolly and his horse.	Says gruffly (he 's a boy, you know), "Oh, pshaw, don't bother me!"
And if I tell him what to do, he 'll do it,—but he 'll say,	Of course I 'd rather be a girl,—but lots of fun I miss,
"Pooh, Betty, I know <i>that</i> ! I meant to do it, anyway!"	When Bobby says, "No, girls can't go. You could n't stand it, Sis."
He 's very kind, my brother is,—he 's not like other boys;	I guess I could! I 'm big as Bob; for we are twins, you see.
Why, when he does n't want them, I can always have our toys.	But Bobby knows so much, of course, and tells it all to me.
And generous! He always offers me the biggest bun;	Sometimes he lets me hear him say his spelling lesson through;
But 'course I have to be polite,—I take the other one.	And then I do his sums for him, and he says, "Good for you!"
He lets me watch him building things; he does n't mind a bit.	It makes me feel so glad and proud, to think that I can be
And when he wants a nail or string, he lets me run for it.	Even a little help to Bob, when he 's so good to me.



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THE BLACKFISH ON THE BEACH.

ROB DUNSTAN'S FIRST BLACKFISH DRIVE

BY EDWARD MORGAN

ROB DUNSTAN and Charlie Fearing stood on the high bank above the beach, looking out over the bay.

"I don't see a sign of anything," said the latter, after he had scanned the surface of the water in all directions.

"Neither do I," replied Rob. "I guess we might as well go home."

"Perhaps there 'll be a school to-morrow," suggested Charlie, hopefully.

"I don't know. Blackfish don't seem to be so plenty as they used to be. Why, my mother says she can remember the time when four or five schools used to come into the bay every summer, and all last year there was only one." Rob's tone was a little despondent.

"Yes, but that was a big one," said Charlie. "I tell you what, Rob, you ought to have been there. We nearly capsized once."

Rob knew all about it, for that was Charlie's first drive, and for a month after it took place it was all he talked about, when he could get the

younger boys to listen to him. Rob was a year younger than his companion—too young to have taken part in that drive—and he had had to content himself with watching it from the shore with



AFTER THE DRIVE.

the women and children. But the minute the work of getting the blackfish out of the way of

the tide had begun, he had run down among the men and older boys, and had tugged with all his might until the last great body had been hauled up high on the beach. He had been so earnest and absorbed in the task that he had not noticed that Captain Jim Dale, the strongest man and the best fisherman in the place, was watching him out of the corner of his eye.

"Been workin' pretty hard, have n't you, son?" the big fellow had said to Rob, as the crowd were hauling up the boats.

"Not so very, I guess, Cap 'n Jim," the boy had replied.

"Well, I should n't wonder if there 'd be a show for you in my boat, if there 's any run next year."

That was all that had been said, but through the winter Rob had looked forward eagerly to the opening of spring. But the spring had come and gone, and as yet there had been no signs of blackfish.

One morning, however, about a week after the boys had turned so despondently from the watching-place on the bluff, Rob was at work in the little garden back of his mother's house, when he heard a faint shout from the direction of the shore. Another, and yet another repeated the cry. He listened a moment. Yes, 't was "B-l-a-c-k-fish; b-l-a-c-k-fish." Again and again new voices took it up, until the welcome news was spread all over the village. Rob dropped his hoe, and ran to the gate. Captain Jim was just hurrying past.

"Can I go, Cap'n Jim?" he cried.

"Yes, son; run in and tell your mother and don't waste any time, for the down-town boats are off there already."

Mrs. Dunstan had heard the cry, and was coming down the path. She had also heard Rob's question and Captain Jim's answer.

"All right, Rob; run along," she called out. "Don't get in the way, and don't fall overboard."

Rob heard the first part of the sentence, but before it was finished he was speeding down the road after the big skipper as fast as his bare feet could carry him.

By the time they reached the water front, the down-town men had launched their boats, and were already trying to turn the blackfish toward the land; but as yet they were too few to have much success. However, boats were now putting off all along the shore for a distance of four or five miles.

All the time a great shouting and splashing of water was kept up. For once in their lives, the boys who were large enough to be allowed in the boats were urged to make all the noise they could. Rob was waving his hat with one hand, while with the other he pounded a kit-board with a

bailing scoop, yelling all the time at the top of his voice. Captain Jim steered the boat, while four husky men rowed it.

Slowly the great mass of dark backs was forced toward the land—now moving along quietly, "like cows," as the fishermen say, now making a vain endeavor to break through the cordon of boats.

They had almost reached the shoal water, when suddenly half a dozen blackfish turned and made for the outer bay just between Captain Jim's boat and a down-town dory. Both the dory and the boat started to close the gap. Like a flash the whales (the blackfish are really pilot whales) swerved and darted for the space which now appeared at the stern of the boat. Rob was standing near the rail just aft of the oarsmen. The boat was headed a little toward the shore, so that he was the nearest to the escaping blackfish. Before the headway of the craft could be stopped, he poised himself on the gunwale, and then leaped out almost in front of the school. He sank out of sight, but came immediately to the surface, still clinging to the bailing scoop. Keeping himself afloat with one hand, he splashed the water with the bailer. The barrier was slight, only a boy and a piece of wood, but it was enough. The great creatures, not knowing their own strength, and bewildered by the noise, and the number of their enemies, turned again, and the gap was quickly closed.

Captain Jim stopped to pick up Rob, who still had the scoop in his hand when he was hauled into the boat. He was not in the least hurt—wettings did not count at such times; and, moreover, it was midsummer, and there was plenty of exercise ahead.

Captain Jim looked at the boy a little sternly for a moment, but all he said was:

"Remember, son, that you have n't got a father, and your mother has but one boy." "Not another word did he say—not a sign of approval.

In the meantime, the other boats had been gradually closing in on the blackfish, which were now in the shallow water near the shore.

"Start the work," some one cried, and the throwing of harpoons and lances began.

"Do you suppose, son, you could handle that oar?" asked Captain Jim.

"Yes, sir," promptly replied Rob.

"Then you, Tom, take the iron, and let the boy there."

Round and round went the panic-stricken blackfish, never attempting to escape offshore. Their tails lashed the water into foam, and more than one of the smaller boats narrowly escaped being capsized by their violent struggles.

When the last black body lay motionless, the

work of hauling them up on the beach out of the tide's way began; and, when it was finished, hundreds of blackfish lay on the sand.

Men were told off to watch them during the night, and the boats started for their landing places.

"You might as well run along, Rob," said Captain Jim, as the bow touched the shore. "We'll haul her up. It's comin' on night, and you're all wet."

Rob started on a brisk run up the road. His clothes were somewhat dried by this time, but they were still damp enough to be a little chilly in the night air.

The supper table was all set as he opened the door, and his mother was at work over the stove.

"Well, Rob," she said, looking at his clothes, "I guess you managed to get overboard after all by the looks of you. Run upstairs and get on something dry, and I'll be putting supper on the table."

Rob's summer attire was not extensive, and he was soon in his place trying to satisfy his hunger, and tell his story of the day's events at the same time; but the result was a series of disjointed sentences which only a woman born and bred on the sea-coast could put together.

"Did any one buy them?" asked Mrs. Dunstan, as Rob began to ease up a little in his attack on the food.

"No, not yet," replied the boy; "but Cap'n Tom Lane was there looking them over. They're going to wait till to-morrow. Mr. Phil Jennings is coming over then."

There was spirited bidding between the two buyers the next morning, and, when the blackfish were finally knocked down to Mr. Jennings, it was for a sum far beyond what had been realized from the drive the year before.

Then came the settling of accounts. It was not an easy task to pick out those who were entitled to share in the proceeds. Some, who had just

reached the shore in time to lend a hand at hauling the blackfish out of the water, claimed and were allowed a share, while others, who had been among the first on the spot, had hard work to get what they were entitled to. In the end, however, about every one received nearly all that belonged to him, and a few what did not belong to them.

When they came to Rob Dunstan, whose name had been put in for a half-share by Captain Jim, some one near by objected:

"See here, now, that boy don't get a half a share—he is n't old enough."

"Yes, I am," sung out Rob, as ready to stand up for his rights as he had been to jump overboard in front of the blackfish.

But he had no need to do so—Captain Jim was there.

"Not old enough!" exclaimed the latter. "Well, I want to know! Now, I tell you right here that that boy pulled an oar with the best of 'em; and he's goin' to have his half a share, or there's some of this crowd who are lookin' for whole ones that won't get even a half. Look here, Cal Allen," turning to the objector, "you know as well as I do that the boy earned more'n a whole share. You saw him go overboard when the blackfish headed offshore, and, what's more, you know he stopped 'em."

"Was that Rob?" asked a dozen men, all speaking at once.

"That's who it was," said Captain Jim.

"Put him down for his half of course," said another man standing near.

That settled it. Rob's name went on the list and an hour later he was scampering up the road with two ten-dollar bills tightly clutched in one hand, while four silver dollars filled the other; and when he burst into the house and dropped the whole amount into his mother's lap, Mrs. Dunstan felt that her Rob was "getting to be a man."





FALLING LEAVES

BY ARNOLD FOSTER

The sentimental poet always grieves
When he beholds the falling Au-
tumn leaves;

But I think their importance very
small

Compared to other leaves that
swiftly fall

From my big calendar, as day
by day,

The months of glad vacation slip
away.

Each night I pull a leaf off, and I
sigh

To think how fast the summer
pleasures fly;

There goes the day I fished the
brook for trout,

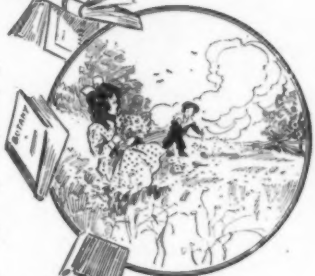
There the three days the boys and
I camped out,—

There goes the day we spent down
by the sea,—

The day we cut our names upon a
tree;

The day we waded in the shady
pool,—

Oh, dear! Just six more days,—
and then comes *School!*

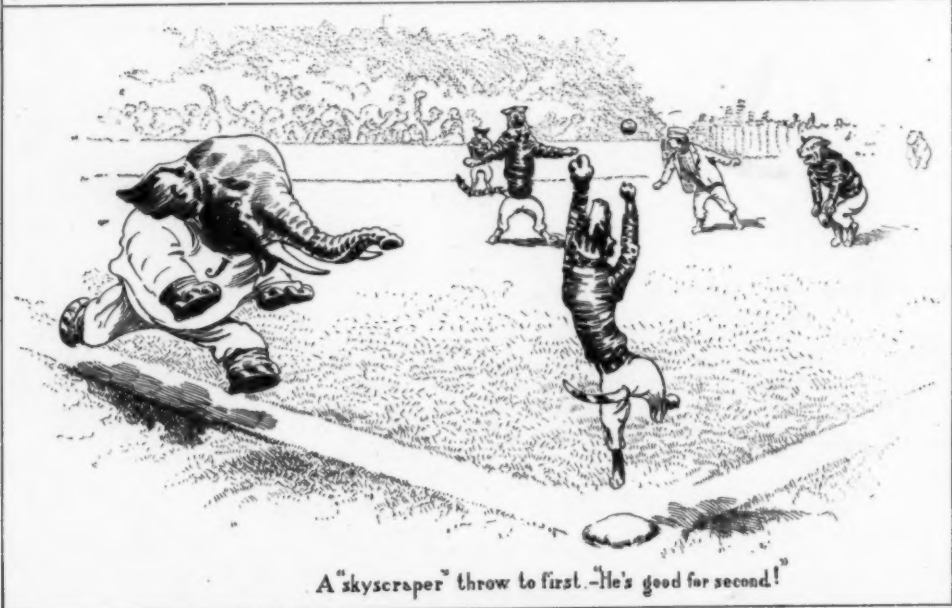


Base-ball in Jungleville.

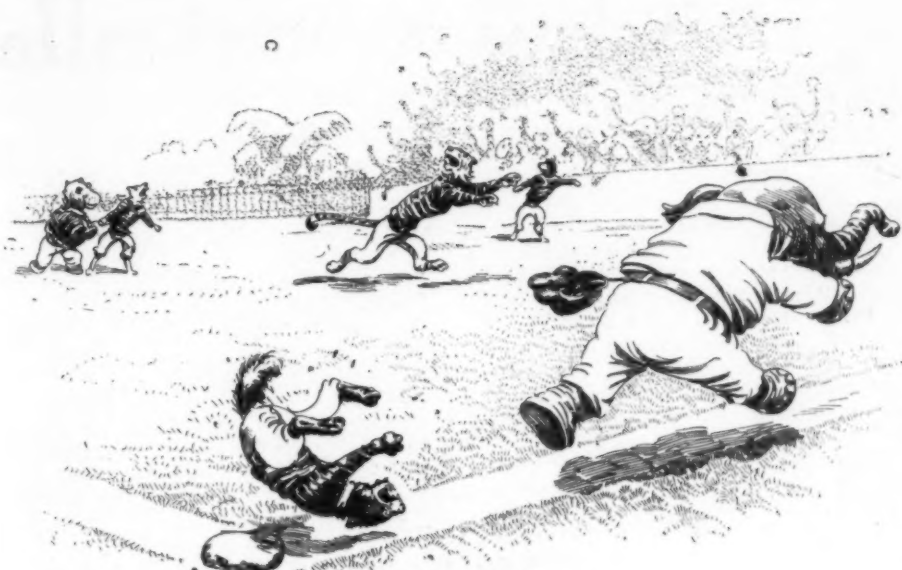
Drawn by I.W. Taber.



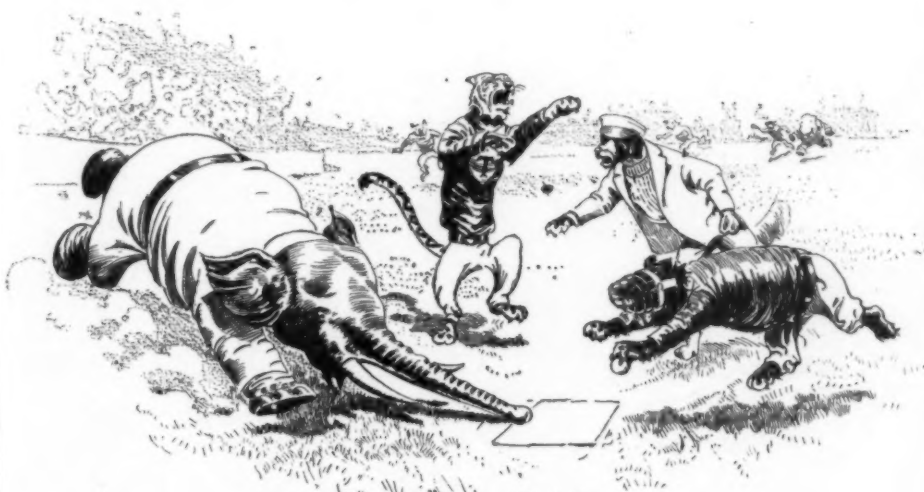
Score 9 to 9—last inning. The heaviest batter up.



A "skyscraper" throw to first. "He's good for second!"



Rounding Third. "Good boy Elly!
Now check your trunk for home!"



Won by a nose! Score 10 to 9

FRIENDS AND RIVALS

BY GEORGE H. FORD



OLLY BROWN did it."

"Don't believe it."

"Yes, he did. We saw him."

The individual at whose head these and a multitude of similar exclamations were hurled was a lad who at the moment was seated on the gate-post in front of a pretty cottage in the village of Browntown, industriously engaged in whittling.

He was surrounded by half a dozen or more smaller and younger boys whose costumes varied, from the country boy's accepted summer style of a cotton shirt, a pair of butternut trousers held by one suspender, and bare feet, to that of a well-dressed and booted city lad.

In one respect at least these boys were alike,—the hair of all was soaking wet. Proof positive that they had just returned from swimming.

Ned Saunders, for so our whittler was named, was a city boy and not a product of Browntown, but he had spent so many of the summers of his short life there,—he was just past fourteen,—that he regarded himself half a native, at any rate, and in fact was so regarded by the villagers.

The whole river on the banks of which Browntown stood was a magnet strong enough to draw any boy; and fishing and swimming formed the principal occupation of all the village lads.

In these sports, especially in swimming, Ned Saunders was an acknowledged leader among the boys. Of course he did not claim to vie with George Brush, who was eighteen years old. But within the limits of a boy's strength even George could not view Ned as anything but an equal.

When we say, however, that Ned was a leader we do not mean that he was the leader of his mates. There was another, the Polly Brown whose name opens our story.

What "Polly" stood for, no one knew. It might be Pollux or Polyphemus or Apollonius. The nickname certainly was not given for any trace of girlishness in his character, for if there ever was a strong, manly, boy he was one.

Born in the village, the son of a boatman, Polly's life had been spent in the open air, and, straight as a lance-shaft and as lithe as a hare, he was a dangerous competitor at any sport, and divided with Ned the swimming honors.

Such were the rivals, both self-respecting boys, who also each respected the prowess of the other. Ned's brain then was continually racked to

"stunt" Polly in swimming, and the latter's ingenuities were no less taxed to down Ned.

Up to the day our story opens the accounts were even between them, each one having safely accomplished every task set by his mate.

"Well," said Ned, finally, when the babel of voices had ceased, "what did he do?"

"He went off the cedar pile!" shouted the chorus.

"Jump or dive?" queried Ned.

"Jump."

He inwardly heaved a great sigh of relief. Jumping into the water from a height is one thing and diving is quite another.

Ned, like most boys, had never figured out all the reasons why it was easier to jump than to dive, he only knew that it was, and it was a relief to him to know that if Polly had really set any new "stunt" for him it was a jump and not a dive from the cedar pile.

He turned to Bob Spencer and said: "Now, Bob, tell me honest. Did he jump off the cedars?"

"Yes, he did, Ned, but are you going to try it?"

"I've got to," gravely answered the older boy, "as long as Polly has."

The next morning, just as the first rays of the sun began to lighten the sky, the back door of the Saunders' house was stealthily opened and Ned emerged. Hastily proceeding along the deserted streets he soon reached Smith's Dock. With him he took some twenty-five thin wooden wedges made of old shingles which he had found in the woodshed the day before. Hastily climbing on the pile of logs from which Polly jumped, he inserted the wedges under the logs in such a way that a firm path was made to the very edge of the pile—if you knew just where it was.

Now, there was more than ordinary reason for Ned's taking all these precautions; he intended not only to take up Polly's "dare," but to give good measure and *dive* instead of *jump*. But of this he said nothing to his friends. Two hours later Ned answered the bell which summoned him to breakfast.

Breakfast over he strolled out of doors. He was too absorbed to play a game of tennis with his sister and her friend, who was their guest.

So after a stroll about the grounds he wandered out to the street and had barely mounted to his familiar seat on the gate-post when he spied little Spencer and Redney Foster coming down the street together.

Without a moment's hesitation Ned walked over to them.

"Redney," he said, abruptly, "you are a friend of Polly Brown, are n't you?"

"Yes, sir-ee," responded Redney.

"Well, you 're the fellow I want," continued Ned. "Will you come down and be witness if I do it?"

"When?" asked Redney, sarcastically.

"Right now," replied Ned.

"Let her go," assented Redney, with ready slang, and they then started off for Smith's Dock.

A walk of a few minutes brought the three boys to their destination and the two witnesses stationed themselves on the string piece at the outer end, while Ned, after carefully measuring with his eye the distance from the pile of logs to the edge of the crib dock, climbed to the top.

He walked carefully over his pathway, testing it to see that it was undisturbed, and then hailed his waiting companions.

"All ready down there?"

"Yes"; "All right," came up from below, and Ned retired to the further end of his path and turned to start. Then, swinging his arms two or three times, he leaped into the air, in a graceful curve cleared the edge of the pier, and, with both arms extended well over his head, took the water like an arrow.

The instant he felt the coolness of the water, out went his legs and arms to stop his downward rush. A few strokes and he emerged on the surface, and, amid thunders of applause from Bobby Spencer and a rather perfunctory hand-clap from Redney, swam quickly to and clambered upon the dock.

Polly, who, strangely enough, had come around the dock in a boat just in time to see him jump, called heartily, "That was a great dive, Ned. I guess we 're square now."

"Don't you think we are something *more* than 'square'?" replied Ned, ignoring Polly's attempt at being friendly.

Polly's resentment rose like a flash, and he walked over to Ned and said: "I 'll show you right now that you can't and never could 'stunt' me. But if I am hurt remember it 's your fault and not mine. I nearly rolled off those loose logs at the top, the last time I jumped"; and Polly began to pull off his few garments.

Ned watched this proceeding with varied emotions. Polly's warning troubled him, and he thought of the advantage his solid path had given him in a good firm footing. He knew he had not been fair about this, and now Polly would go up there ignorant of it, and over those rolling logs

—Ned shuddered. He must tell him. But how could he stand the ridicule of the boys. Polly might, but they never would forgive him. On the other hand suppose Polly should slip and fall. He glanced down at the jagged rocks with which the old crib was filled. He *must* tell him.

Polly was by this time at the foot of the inclined way which led to the top of the pile. Ned hastened after him and called, "Polly, don't try it. It 's too risky."

"Much obliged for your kind advice," replied the lad, without pausing in his climb nor deigning to glance back.

"Polly," continued Ned, "hold on, will you. I don't want you to try it. I 'll take back the dare. Come on down."

"I will stop him," he thought, as he began to climb the pile, "if I have to fight him for it."

But alas! As his head rose above the pile his first glance showed Polly running across the insecure logs right at the edge.

Ned's lips opened to shout a warning, but ere he could utter the words Polly was gone, leaving no trace of his presence behind, save, at the very edge, one cedar log, rocking ominously on its uneven base.

The group of boys watching from below had noticed the loose logs, and, relieved to see him pass safely beyond them, watched with absorbed interest his progress through the air.

They saw his head and arms turn down and at the same time his legs straighten out and begin to swing upward more and more slowly till his whole figure was in perfect line and flying downward to the rapidly nearing water.

A burst of applause greeted this clever performance but was quickly hushed as they noticed that the diver's legs were slowly passing the perpendicular.

They understood his efforts to control them, throwing back his head, following his back, drawing his arms back, but nothing availed, and slowly, but without a check, his feet went farther and farther from a straight line.

Then they noticed the agonized and helpless face, the final struggle, loss of control, and "splash"; he struck the water on his shoulders and back and disappeared.

They waited silently for him to come up—a second—two; he did not appear. Faces began to grow red, then white, till Jack Griffith broke silence with, "He 's fetchin' bottom to fool us."

"No, he is n't, he 's drowned!" exclaimed Ned, as he rushed to the edge of the dock.

He had heard of many rescues of drowning men and boys, and had witnessed the resuscitation of one such case, and he knew that if he

kept his head, with George Brush hastening to the rescue in the skiff, Polly might be saved.

"Here, Ned! I think I can see him on the bottom," shouted George to Ned, as the latter was pulling off his shoes.

"Where?" cried Ned.

"Right there," the latter replied, and in a moment Ned had plunged straight for the bottom.

To "fetch bottom" in fifteen feet of water was nothing to Ned, and ere the impetus of his dive was exhausted he struck out downward manfully. Looking ahead he could see the bottom plainly now, but nothing of what he was seeking. Where was it? He swung a trifle to the left and there at last it lay.

Stretched out flat on the rocky bottom lay that lithe form he knew so well. Horrified as he was at the sight he struck out wildly for it. That minute and a half seemed an hour to Ned. He never could well remember just what he did, but the first thing he can recall was seeing George Brush's face over the edge of the boat, and feeling his arm clutched, and being drawn into the boat, where he fell helpless and tense on the seat at the stern.

A few deep-drawn breaths of the fresh summer air revived Ned wonderfully, and he looked up and saw first Polly, laid across the middle thwart of the boat, resting on his chest, with his head and arms dangling on one side and his legs on the other, and beyond him George pulling his hardest to the dock, which they soon reached.

Here together they lifted out the lad as gently as possible and laid him first on his face, while George, kneeling astride, pressed firmly on his shoulder-blades and back to expel the water from his chest, under which he had placed a tightly rolled coat. Then, turning him on his back, he endeavored to induce respiration.

Ned, under George's direction, had already dispatched Bobby for Dr. Watt, whose house was near at hand, and had set Foster to chafing Polly's legs, and thus they worked for nearly ten minutes.

What 's that? The flutter of an eyelid, another, a tinge of red on that deathly cheek, a faint sigh and, as Ned lifted his hands, a long-drawn breath, hurrying footsteps near and the doctor's cheery voice, "Bravely done, my boy; you 've saved him," and Ned, past the limit of his endurance, fell like a log in a dead faint.

RETURNING consciousness found Ned in his own white bed at home with a vague remembrance of being carried and of riding in a carriage, but with a very real throbbing headache and a sore-

ness of body that he was at a loss, for a while, to account for.

Gradually, however, the whole exciting experience of the morning came back to him.

His first question was. "How is Polly, mother?"

"Alive, dear, thanks to your skill and courage. And now, not another word about it. The doctor says you must be quiet."

This scant information was, however, all that Ned needed to relieve his anxiety, and he dropped into a restful sleep which lasted till the doctor came to look him over.

This he did thoroughly, and pronounced Ned as "sound as a dollar. He is only exhausted from his own exertion and the mental excitement, and will be all right soon," he said.

Left to himself at an early hour that he might have a good sleep, Ned lay for a long time pondering the events of that exciting day, and the more he thought of it the less he was inclined to be satisfied with his own conduct.

It was all very well to be dubbed a "hero," and a "noble son," and all that, but that little performance of his in the early hours of that morning was certainly neither noble nor heroic. It was, he admitted to himself, "low down" and "sneaky," and he went to sleep with a firm determination to tell Polly all about it as soon as he saw him.

No evil effects developing in the morning, Ned was released from confinement and strolled in to breakfast with all the airs which he felt his present dignity required.

NED had called with numerous messages to Polly, who was improving daily. At last, one evening, Mrs. Brown told him that as Polly wished to see him, they thought he might do so the next morning if Ned would come up about eleven o'clock.

He was promptly on hand, and was ushered up to the sick-room by the nurse.

There was his friend, propped up on his pillows, with an eager smile of welcome on his pale face.

"Hello, Ned, I 'm mighty glad they let you up. I 've been awfully lonely," said Polly. "Sit down."

Ned took the chair which the nurse placed for him at the bedside.

"How is your back now, Polly? Does it pain you much?" he asked.

"Not half so much as it did when old Farmer Haskins got through with us the day he caught us riding his old mare. Do you remember?"

"Do I!" replied Ned, put at his ease at once

by this assurance of Polly's interest in earthly affairs, "I should say I did!"

"Polly," said Ned, after an interval of silence, "have you ever done anything so mean and sneaky that you were ashamed to tell of it?"

"No, I never have," answered Polly. "I'm

talk about," laughed the nurse, jumping up; "only don't get too interested, because Master Saunders will have to go in half an hour," and she retired.

"I want to tell you this thing, Polly," said Ned, when they were alone, "because—well, be-

cause I've been waiting to tell you; because—well, because I want you to know."

This was certainly a rambling preamble, but Ned did not know just how to start the confession he was about to make.

"Happen since I've been sick?" asked Polly.

"No—o, not since; in fact, Polly, it was just before. It was something I did to you. Oh, Polly! I'm so sorry I did it. It's all my fault that you hurt your back. I did n't mean it; I really did n't; and I tried to stop you, Polly, but you would do it. I want to tell you all about it and I will, so listen"; and Ned doggedly went over the whole story, and at its conclusion sat with averted face waiting the burst of anger which, from his knowledge of his friend's character, he felt he had every reason to expect.

Not a word came to his ears, however, and when Ned at last turned to look, Polly sat with hand outstretched to his unhappy friend.

Ned seized on it, and gave it such a squeeze that its owner winced, and in spite of the big lump in his throat Ned managed to gulp out, "Thank you, Polly."

"That's all right, Ned,"

and then they were interrupted by the nurse, who announced that time was up and abruptly hustled Ned off home, lighter hearted than he had been for many a day.

THAT evening Ned sought out his father as he was enjoying his quiet evening cigar alone on the veranda after dinner.

"Father," said he; "do you remember that you



THE RESCUE.

mightily ashamed of some things I've done, but I'd just as soon tell about them. Have you, Ned?"

"Yes," said Ned, "I have, once—"

"When was that? or don't you want to tell?"

"I'll tell you some time when—well—" with a side glance at the nurse who sat reading by the window—"when you get well," stammered Ned.

"Oh, I'll run away if you boys have secrets to Vol. XXXIV.—126—127.

asked me some time ago what I wanted for my birthday present?"

"Yes, my boy, I do," responded Mr. Saunders; "and you modestly asked for a new breech-loading shot-gun."

"Well, sir, I would very much like to know if you had decided to give it to me," proceeded Ned.

"Now, Ned," said his father, "this is altogether too eager. Your birthday does not arrive until next Monday."

"No, father," persisted the boy; "that is not what I mean at all. I saw Polly to-day and I told him about the whole matter, just as I did to you last night, and he was so kind and generous, and so forgiving, that I thought as I had been so hateful to him I should like to do something for him. Now, he has no gun at all, and whenever we go shooting he has to borrow one from somebody, and I thought that if you meant to give me a new gun, I should like it better if you would give it to me to give to Polly."

"But, Ned, what will you do?"

"I'll do very well. I can use my old single barrel still, and it is not so much of a nuisance after all when one is used to it. Please let me have my way about it, father; that is," he added, "if you did mean me to have the new gun."

"Very well, Ned; it shall be as you wish, and I'll order the gun to-night from New York. How would you like it marked?"

"I had n't thought of that, but I will, and let you know in a little while," answered his son joyfully, as he started to go upstairs. "Thank you so very, very much."

Retiring to his bedroom he closed the door, emerging an hour later with a slip of paper which he handed to his father, saying, "That is what I should like, sir, if I may. Only it might be engraved better than that."

Mr. Saunders smiled as he read this legend laboriously traced on the slip of paper:

*Polly Brown
from Ned Saunders
Aug. 4. 1906.*

"I think I can understand this, Ned, but you have made a mistake about the date. Your birthday will be the tenth and you have written this the fourth of August."

"I know, sir. The reason I did that was that it should always be a reminder to Polly of our making up to-day."

"All right, Ned, but don't you tell Polly, and we will make it a surprise. I want to do some-

thing for him myself. We will have it all shipped by express to arrive Monday morning."

Ned could scarcely wait for Monday to come, so excited was he at the thought of the "surprise party," as he termed it, he was preparing for his friend.

On Sunday, Polly was pronounced fit to sit up, and the next day, in honor of Ned's birthday, he was to be allowed to come down-stairs.

It must be confessed that Ned, on his birthday morning, when he looked over the gifts laid out for him in the breakfast-room, did feel as if he was making a pretty big sacrifice.

His mother's present and his sister's, and those of an aunt or two, who still remembered to send him a necktie or pair of gloves, were there, but his father's gift, always the great prize of these occasions, was, of course, absent, and the boy felt for a minute rather like a martyr to duty.

This feeling, however, was only momentary, and after thanking them all he hurried through breakfast and ran off to the Browns.

He found Polly down-stairs at last, and after receiving his and Mrs. Brown's congratulations, they sat down to a game of checkers. Ned was usually the master at this game, but this time was disastrously beaten through his inability to attend to his play.

Several times he started up at the sound of approaching wheels, only to find that they were not attached to the vehicle he was so anxious to see; but at last, when his patience was almost exhausted, up drove the expressman and stopped at the door.

"Wonder what he's got?" queried Polly. "Come for the nurse's trunk, though, I suppose."

"Probably that's it," answered Ned, with wonderfully assumed calmness, considering his state of mind. "But, Polly, he seems to be taking something off. It's a long box and there's another, a square one."

"What in the world can it be," said Polly. "Suppose you call mother, Ned. Mr. Slocum will want his book signed."

Ned, choking with excitement, summoned Mrs. Brown from her housework and resumed his seat as she opened the door to Slocum.

"Morn', Mis' Brown," said the latter, as he stood on the door-step wiping his brow with his red bandanna handkerchief, for the morning was a warm one; "I got two boxes hardware from New York for ye."

"For me, Mr. Slocum? What can it be?"

"Wal, 't ain't marked for you, exactly; but I jedged that P. Brown, Browntown, N. Y., came putty nigh meanin' Polly. Ain't he expecting nothing?"

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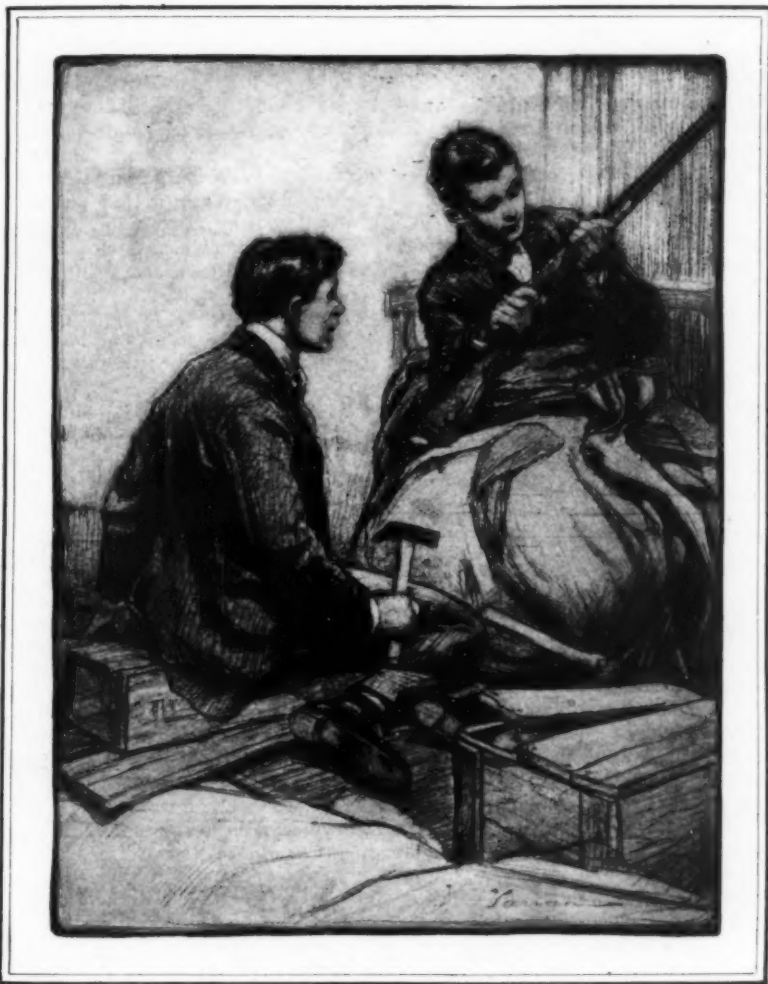
"Not that I know of, but perhaps it is for him, Mr. Slocum. Is there no way of telling?"

"Let somebody open 'em up, Mis' Brown, and if they ain't for Polly you can have 'em nailed up again and I 'll put 'em in the office to be called

"I 'll tell you what I 'm afraid it is, Ned," replied Polly, solemnly.

"What?"

"Crutches. Doctor Watt said I might have to use them for a while, you know."



"'NED!' CRIED POLLY, 'WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?'"

for. Sign the book, please. No; no charges. All paid. Good day," and off went Slocum.

Ned volunteered to bring the boxes into the sitting-room, and did so, while Mrs. Brown went to get the ax and hammer.

"What do you think it is, Polly?" asked Ned. "We must all guess, you know."

"Crutches nothing," responded Ned savagely, relapsing into slang under the pressure. "There is something heavy in both boxes. I guess it must be an electric fan. You know in those hot nights how you needed one. Perhaps they sent for it."

"If you will only hurry, we 'll soon find out," urged Polly. "I am almost dying with curiosity."

"Take it easy, pardner, I 'm almost ready with the long one. There, off she comes. Whatever it is, it is all wrapped up in paper. I 'll move it over and you can unpack it yourself now, while I open the other one."

He attacked the other box with seeming fury, under cover of which he slyly watched Polly as he carefully laid back the paper coverings and at length lifted out the flannel case containing, Ned well knew what.

"Why, Ned!" exclaimed Polly, a little anxiously, "come here! This can't be for me. I think it's a gun, it feels like it."

"What?" responded his "innocent" companion. "Let me heft it. Why, it is, Polly, sure as you are born!"

"It can't be for me," said Polly. "I presume there are plenty of P. Browns in this world."

"Let's have a look at it, anyway," cried Ned. "We can have that satisfaction. Slide off the case, Polly."

Off it came and disclosed a beautiful double-barreled, breech-loading shot-gun, with pistol-grip and safety-guard, all silver-mounted and inscribed on the side of the lock in letter and device inlaid with gold:

Polly Brown, from Ned Saunders,



Aug. 4, 1906.

"Ned," cried Polly, "what does this mean?"

"It means, Polly, that I had a new gun given me, and I just could n't bear to part with my old one yet, so I had the new one marked for you."

"Oh, Ned, how could you! But I can't take it, Ned, I can't indeed. You wanted a new one so much. You really must take it back."

"Impossible, old fellow. It's marked now, and would n't shoot for any one but you."

"But, Ned, the date, August 4th, what does that mean? Why, that was last—I see now," he went on, after a pause, "what you mean and I 'll keep

the gun, Ned, and always remember. But it shall shoot for you, Ned, and we will use it together every day this autumn, if," he added, mournfully, "we can ever afford to buy shells for it."

"Father has settled that part of it. The square box is full of shells. That is his present to you. He is a brick, is n't he, Polly?"

"He has been very kind to me, Ned, and some day, when I grow up, I hope in some way to repay him. I 'll have to hurry up and get well, for I cannot stand it long to have that gun and not fire it. But, Ned, what in the world is this?" for Polly while talking had been fumbling in the gun box and now drew forth a second flannel case. "It's another. Open it Ned, quick, quick! Oh, hoo-ray! hoo-ray!" he shouted as Ned tore off the enveloping flannel and disclosed a second gun, the counterpart of the first in all save the inscription, which read:

Edwin Saunders, from his Father,
August 10th, 1906.

Ned stood still for a few minutes gazing at the gun, which he held at arm's length, and speechless with delight, and rather sobered by this new token of his father's generosity.

"A brick! Ned, you said he was a 'brick.' I think he is a whole diamond mine. Hurry up and open the other box and let us feast our eyes on it all."

Duly opened, the second box was found to contain not only ammunition in abundance, but two fine cartridge-belts and two corduroy shooting-jackets, lined with blanketing, and proof against cold and storm, and with pockets everywhere of all sizes desired by a sportsman.

Two happier boys Browntown never held than Ned and Polly that morning as they sat and fondled their new weapons and chattered away making plans for the future, so that, by the time Mrs. Brown came in to say that "Ned must run home to dinner as it was one o'clock," they had already, in spirit, become mighty Nimrods, and had even planned a hunting-trip to the Far West.



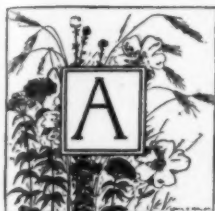
FRITZI

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON

Author of "From Sioux to Susan"

CHAPTER XIX

A RUNAWAY



ALL the hill that stretched down from the Eyrie was again pink and white with fruit blooms, where it was n't purple with lilacs, or velvety green with fresh springing grass, that in its turn was starred with a thousand crocuses that were lifting

wee goblets to the sun.

In the summer-house Mrs. Hunter and Miss Franklin sat sewing in the pleasant sunshine. No one had been happier than good Miss Franklin at the news of the engagement of her favorite nephew to Willis Hunter, and with the first whiff of May she had accepted Eyrie's urgent invitation to spend a month under its hospitable roof. Every one loved her for her cheerfulness and her quaint mannerisms, and Mrs. Hunter found herself already leaning upon the little old woman's sound common-sense and good business judgment. As they sat sewing together that sunny May morning, the desire grew and grew in the troubled heart of Mrs. Hunter to pour all her worry out to this strong, upright woman, and when once she had begun there was no leaving off until Miss Franklin understood the whole situation.

"Of course I ought to have told Nancy at once," admitted Mrs. Hunter.

"You ought not to have mortgaged Eyrie in the first place," said Miss Franklin, emphatically, taking off her spectacles and looking reprovingly at the delicate troubled face opposite her; "and, since you had done such a foolish thing you had no business to keep it to yourself."

"No, I suppose not, but I had hoped so for my book."

"No doubt, no doubt. But the book is neither here nor there. That was depending upon a very slender and desperate chance, and leaving your children to depend upon it, my dear."

"Oh, I know it!" cried Mrs. Hunter, wringing her hands. "I don't see what I was thinking of. But I felt when their father died that I could not snatch them out of their old happy life. I felt I must have money for their immediate needs.

The mortgage of the Eyrie seemed the only way. If I could only have gotten that appointment."

"Tut, tut, and have made your children motherless as well as fatherless? Now, my dear, you are cheating your children every day of their lives—"

"Oh, Miss Franklin!"

"Every day of their lives. It's their blessed right and privilege to take care of you, and help you bear the burdens. I'm not at all sure but that the best thing a boy or girl can wake up to is the absolute necessity to forget self, to think for others and to suffer. Then you have n't treated Mrs. Spear well."

"Miss Franklin!"

"No, I mean what I say. She is a strong, fine woman, and would have been glad to help you carry this burden which has been far too heavy for you. My dear, we have none of us the right to be too self-sacrificing, not when we are cheating others out of their right to sacrifice themselves for our sakes. The first thing you must do is to have a family conference. Don't put it off a day, and tell them the whole truth."

"It will break their hearts to lose this home. They have all loved it so."

"You have looked at this thing too long, my dear, you have lost your sense of proportion."

But for all Miss Franklin's encouragement, the news fell a heavy blow upon the family—when, that evening, Fritz having gone to see Bess, and Peace being safe in bed—Mrs. Hunter called them into the library.

Bert went over and put his arms about his mother, but Jo hid her face in Aunt Nancy's lap, and tried not to believe it.

She was taking it badly, she knew that. Will, and Rob and Bert were all talking at once, pitying, comforting mother, and protesting that it would all turn out for the best, and so on and so on; but Jo scarcely heard.

It was only when Miss Franklin went on to say: "Of course, with such a very large family—five children, yes, six with Fritz—expenses will be always large," that Jo's mind turned from the everlasting problem of what Judy would think,—poor Jo; she was forever measuring herself and her family by Judy's rule—but now she thought of Fritz—not a voice was raised to say Fritz was an unnecessary expense, for such a thought touched no mind except that of selfish Jo.

Fritzi had a delightful evening with Bess, and after a flutter into the library for a good night to the three ladies of the household she ran, hum-

despair. Rob often told her she was always casting shadows like a little thunder-cloud.

"I 'm so, so sorry," faltered Fritzi, dropping



THE NEWS FELL AS A HEAVY BLOW UPON THE FAMILY.

ming softly, up-stairs to bed. The light was not turned on, and at the window sat Jo with her unbraided hair tumbling over her shoulders, the moonlight falling full on her pretty face.

Fritzi had no need to ask if there was anything the matter, for Jo was gifted at displaying

down on a little footstool at Jo's feet, and looking up pleadingly, "what have I done?"

"Nothing," responded Jo, turning her face away. "No, let me alone, you—you can't do anything."

"Oh, Jo, it is something about me then; please

tell me. It frightens me so. I 'll be good, I truly will. Did I break anything or lose something, or did n't you like Rob giving me that extra solo? Please, what 's the matter?"

"It is n't anything to do with you, except of course you—you add to it—if you must know. We 're paupers."

"Paupers—you—Aunt Nancy? Why, Jo, what do you mean? I don't understand at all."

"I mean just what I say," returned Jo, petulantly. "Mother told us to-night that—that Eyrie 's mortgaged, and we won't have any home. Of course, Mr. Gilbert won't marry Will—not when we 're disgraced—" this last with a pitiful wail; for it had just at that moment occurred to her—"and Will will just pine away and die—"

"Don't be a goose," said Fritzi, suddenly sitting up very straight and angry. "You know very well Mr. Gilbert is the dearest and best—"

"Well, anyway, we 're just as poor as church mice, and we will have to open a school, or take boarders. Just think of that!"

"Oh, that will be fine!" cried Fritzi, jumping at a thought that would mean action. "You and I can wear white aprons and wait at table."

"And what would Judy think of *me* waiting at table?"

"Or of *me* even, for that matter," and Fritzi was heartless enough to giggle. "Bess told me to-night about 'Princess Perhaps' and the 'Ladies-in-Waiting'—goodness, and I vowed I 'd never tell!" gasped Fritzi, popping both hands over her mouth.

"And I suppose you quite believe it, and expect to lord it over me. You a princess and me a pauper?"

"Jo Hunter, you act *worse* than a goose," cried Fritzi, scornfully. "I just thought it was nice, and so silly, and so like Judy; and I never did want to be a princess, but if I should get to be one, you know just as well as you breathe, I would just love you all, and carry you off to my castle."

"I don't want to go to your old castle," muttered Jo, rebelliously. "Miss Franklin said one more is always an added expense, and we are so many," and Jo looked pensively out of the window. "Of course, Aunt Nancy did n't know at the time how very poor we were, or I suppose she would n't have brought you home that night."

Fritzi sat very still, so still that, by and by, Jo, alarmed at her silence, stole a glance at the quiet figure.

"Did your mother or Aunt Nancy say anything about my being an added expense?" asked Fritzi at last, in a low voice.

"No—o, but Miss Franklin did, and of course you are going to Ivy Hall and—and having everything just as good as I have—"

Mechanically Fritzi got ready for bed. She said nothing more even when Jo spoke to her; but long after Jo slept she lay there thinking.

The sun was just up when she awakened and crept out of bed. She dressed herself carefully in her best blue suit. She knew better now, she thought with a sigh, than to go about in boy's clothes,—such foolish ignorance belonged to the old days—and how dreary and dreadful that other life seemed, and yet she was going back to it, for there seemed nothing else to do.

In her pretty pocket-book, when Mr. Gilbert gave it to her at Christmas, she had found a crisp one-dollar bill, and when Miss Franklin came she had added another. Fritzi had had great plans, in which these bills had played a prominent part, of a wonderful necktie case she would buy and embroider for the coming of her father, but now she sat down at her desk and wrote a note into which she tucked one of the precious dollars. A tear slid down her cheek as she wrote—"Dear Aunt Nancy" (who had been as good as a mother)—but it burned itself up, as she took a long strip of paper and printed in large resentful letters "GOOD-BY"; this last she stuck on Jo's pin-cushion in a most conspicuous place.

Next she tied all the precious diaries and letters into a package; these she would never part with, and oh, how disappointed father would be when he came and found her gone! At the sound of her quick sob, Jo turned restlessly, and Fritzi fairly held her breath, until once more Jo's even breathing told she was asleep. Then taking the bundle and her fiddle in its green bag, Fritzi waved a mute farewell to the dear, pretty room where she had been so happy, and slipping noiselessly down the stairs, she let herself out of the big front door.

CHAPTER XX

MAID-OF-ALL-WORK

FRITZI stood on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twentieth Street, and looked about her in astonishment. She had not seen it since that night, over a year before, when she had followed Aunt Nancy away into the dark and rain. A whole year, and yet here was the familiar corner looking so exactly as it did in the old days, she might never have left it. At fourteen one does n't imagine the world standing still any such time as that. But there was a change she had n't even dreamed of,—there was a new policeman at the corner keeping the crossing clear!

At such an early hour the passers-by were all hurrying along to work, and no one took the slightest notice of the young girl, carrying a little green bag, who started up Twentieth Street. She hesitated a moment before the long flight of stone steps that led to her old home; but Fritzi felt no desire to interview dragged Mrs. O'Brian and her sticky six. Indeed at each step that led back to the old life her spirit rebelled the more.

"Oh, if only I had good kind Mama Sims to go to. It is n't the being poor I mind, nor—nor common," thought Fritzi, hugging her fiddle close to her heart as if it were a living thing. "It's—it's the dirt, and the sort of sunk-ness. I don't believe Mrs. O'Brian wants to be clean. I believe she just enjoys scolding the children and living in the basement. Oh, dear, dear Aunt Nancy!"

Ever since impetuous Fritzi had started from the Eyrie, a something had been troubling her conscience. She would n't acknowledge it even to herself, and tried to feel very noble and self-sacrificing, but over and over the nagging something pricked her. Was this the way to treat her best friend, Fritzi thought, the friend who had been almost a mother to her? Would Aunt Nancy approve of her going back to the old life from which she had snatched her? Was it brave to steal away like this? Would n't it have been better and far more honest, to have gone straight to Aunt Nancy and say she, Fritzi, feared she was a burden, and let Aunt Nancy decide where her home should be until her father came for her. At the thought of her father, Fritzi's courage almost failed her. Suppose he should come and she be gone—that dear father for whom she longed!

The doorway that led to the McCartys' flat was even this early in the morning filled with children; but Fritzi saw no sign of little Mary as she climbed the stairs. The woman who opened the door, in answer to Fritzi's timid knock, was as different as possible from motherly little Mrs. McCarty.

"Does n't Mrs. McCarty live here any more?" inquired Fritzi, anxiously.

"My name is Hovey, and I go out by the day or the hour," replied the woman in a brisk voice, taking no notice of Fritzi's question. The room was clean and neat, but very unlike its old cozy homelikeness, when there had been pink geraniums blooming in the window, and a shiny upright piano that Officer McCarty was buying for little Mary on the instalment plan.

It was these geraniums and the piano that had brought Fritzi to McCarty's door. They stood for something above the level of the old life, and

Fritzi had thought perhaps kind Mrs. McCarty would let her give little Mary lessons on the violin for her board.

"Could you please tell me where I'd find Mrs. McCarty?" asked Fritzi again.

"Well, you see," began the woman, settling heavily back against the door-frame to talk, since there was no work in prospect. "Old Patrick Murphy—he was Mrs. McCarty's father—died and left them a few hundreds and they have all gone off to Ireland to visit his folks. Everybody was real glad for them. McCartys is nice folks. Won't you come in?"

"No," faltered Fritzi, her eyes suddenly filling with tears. It was so hard to give up the geraniums and the piano—she did n't know in her foolish girlish heart it was far harder for her to give up the idea that Mrs. McCarty would persuade her to return to Eyrie or inform Aunt Nancy of her whereabouts.

"Say, Lizzie, Patsy McCarty did n't go," the man had arisen and came to look over his wife's shoulder. "He is boarding over to Mrs. O'Brian's down the street a piece."

"It was n't Patsy she wanted, was it?" inquired the woman. "Patsy's a messenger, and did n't want to give up his job, but I did n't suppose it was him you was wanting."

"I don't," said Fritzi, backing away. "I guess I'll go now, good-by."

"If I see Patsy, who shall I say was here to see his ma?" asked the woman, inquisitively, following her down the hall.

"Oh—oh, just Fritzi; but it does n't make any difference, I just wanted to see his mother. Good-by."

The first and most reasonable plan of earning her living must be abandoned, but Fritzi had more than one string to her bow, and having halted before a window to peek in to settle her hat and perk out her hair ribbons she started off determinedly to make another adventure. There was one real objection to the second plan in Fritzi's mind, it brought her too near in memory at least, to Prince Zanzabar.

When the Prince's funds ran low he had always found work at the studios, and once, when an artist had wanted a little girl model for an illustration he was doing, the Prince had persuaded Mrs. Sims to let him take Fritzi. She had never forgotten those pleasant afternoons in the beautiful room hung with all sorts of rare and wonderful things. To be sure, it had been rather hot and unpleasant, to stand in her own blue cloak and red tam-o-shanter, in the precarious attitude of running as fast as she could when she was standing still, but Mr. Keys, when he

had n't forgotten all about her in the ardor of his work, had been very kind. While she was resting she had walked around admiring things, smoothing the leopard's skin, trying the divan and looking at the pictures, and once he had made her a cup of tea in a queer little kettle, and given her queer little cakes to eat.

Fritzi climbed flight after flight of stairs and at last stood breathless before a door at the very top of the house.

One thing was sure, Mr. Keys had n't gone to Ireland, for there, on the narrow ledge above the landing, was the same bronze figure with the world on its shoulders that had always stood there; and here, beside her, was the Japanese armor that had frightened her, until the artist had told her its story; and here were the scarlet and black and gold draperies that, filling the studio inside, had overflowed into the narrow hallway.

The door opened a very narrow crack in answer to Fritzi's knock, and a quaint little old lady in a black silk gown, with a lace cap set upon her pretty white hair, and a starched white apron tied around her trim waist, looked out.

"My son is away," chirped the old lady in a tremulous voice, then, seeing no one but Fritzi so timidly waiting, she opened the door and said:

"Why, come in, child, come in. I get kind of nervous away up here alone. I am not used to living so high above ground, and feel afraid of my shadow."

It was the same old softly-lighted room, with the carved chests and the innumerable hangings, with the queer odor of paint and incense, its unfinished pictures and stretched canvases, but on its careless charm a blight had fallen.

"I've been tidying up," explained the little old lady. "I don't know what Artie will say when he comes home; but dear me, it was so jumbled I could n't stand it another minute. Here draw up a chair to the fire. Just draw up and make yourself comfortable. I am ever so glad to see you. Artie has gone out to see about some work, and I get so lonesome with nothing but my knitting. I started Artie's socks the moment I got here, and the things he was wearing were awful, my dear, just awful, these are good heavy silk and handsome enough for a prince, Artie says."

"Prince," said Fritzi, then paused, for the little old lady's presence in Mr. Keys' studio had been such a surprise to her, and the old lady's conversation had run on at such a pace that Fritzi had almost felt she might be wound up with a key, but the word "prince" had brought her back to earth and her errand.

"Please, does Prince Zanzabar come to Mr.

Keys any more?" asked Fritzi, moving to the extreme edge of her chair.

"Well, of course, my son knows all the great



"LOOK OUT FOR THE CORNERS, CHILD, AND DON'T LEAVE ANY SETTLEMENTS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

people in New York, but he never spoke of any Prince."

"Oh, he is n't great. He is a model, a little fat man with a bald head and a very red nose."

"Is he your Pa, dear?"

"Oh, no! I don't like him; but I came to see

if Mr. Keys wanted a little girl like me in one of his pictures. I posed for him about a year ago."

"Umh," said the little old lady.

"You see," faltered Fritzi, "I have to earn my own living right away—" and before Fritzi knew what she was doing, in her usual impetuous way she began telling her story. The little lady tapped the chair arm and listened most attentively, and by a skilful question now and then drew out even more than Fritzi had meant to tell.

"Umh," she said at last, when Fritzi had finished. "Umh! Well, it seems to me your running away is about as much to spite that girl you call Jo, as it is to relieve your Aunty. But of course that is neither here nor there. Seeing that you never intend to go back."

Fritzi wriggled miserably in her chair; she had many times doubted that she was doing right.

"I don't know as Artie needs a little girl model, and I don't know but that he does—but I do want a little maid-of-all-work. I have come to stay with Artie for a spell. His Pa died two months ago. He was a good man—I could n't stand the stillness of the old home any longer without Pa, so Artie said I was to come; but I could n't bide the cooking at the cafés, and it was lonesomer than a dog at the boarding-house, so Artie rigged up the nicest little kitchen and dining-room for me, back of this, you ever saw. Artie said last night if I just had a nice young girl to come in days and wash up things, and be company, it would be fine. Of course he meant she should go home nights; but there is a cot in my room down in the hall a piece, that will do first rate for you and I won't be nearly so lonesome."

This was n't at all what Fritzi had dreamed. She was running away to become a famous violinist, or to be painted in a famous picture and show Jo Hunter a thing or two. But this insistent little old lady, whose tongue ran on as if she was wound up, had hired her and set her to work before Fritzi had time to decline—and after all how could she decline? Where could she go for a place of refuge? She believed she could not do better than to stay right there.

So, though the tears stung her eyes and she inwardly rebelled against fate, she was tied into a blue gingham apron, with a handkerchief knotted over her curls, and set to dusting the bric-a-brac that cluttered up the shelves.

"I'm not steady enough on my legs to be climbing," said Mrs. Keys, as Fritzi mounted the wobbly step-ladder, "or I would have dusted them long ago. Look out for the corners, child, and don't leave any settlings."

CHAPTER XXI

JO IN PURSUIT

"AUNT NANCY!" There was such a note of terror in Jo's voice that every one sprang up from the breakfast table, every one except Miss Franklin, whose nerves were of the steadiest.

"Aunt Nancy!" shrieked Jo again, coming down the stairs two steps at a time, her unbraided hair tumbling over her shoulders, her blue dressing-gown flying from the throat. "Aunt Nancy, Fritz! 's gone!"

"Gone, child? Fritz gone? What do you mean, Jo?"

"She has run away," gasped Jo. "I overslept—we had a sort of quarrel last night, but I found this note on the dressing-table for Aunt Nancy, and oh, such a dreadful good-by to me pinned on the cushion. I thought at first it was a joke, but I looked, and her blue suit and hat are gone, and her violin."

"What did you do to her, Jo Hunter?" demanded Rob.

"Hush, Rob," said Aunt Nancy, gently. "Give me the note, Jo. I'll see what this means."

The little note, with the crisp dollar bill folded in it, was brief, but Aunt Nancy's loving eyes read between the lines the affectionate gratitude that filled Fritzi's heart as she wrote:

"DEAREST, DEAREST AUNT NANCY:

"It is n't because I don't love to be your little girl the best of all the world that I'm going away, for I love you almost as much as I do my father—but I know I must cost a great deal, so I feel I just can't be a burden to you any longer, and if I tried to say good-by I never could go, for I love you all so, and the world seems so big and lonesome—but I am not so very much afraid. I'll try and be a good girl, just as you taught me, and when I get rich and famous I'll come back and take care of you all. The money is for the blue suit, I know it cost a great deal more, but it is the best I could do now, and so I leave that, and all, all my love to everybody, but most to darling Peace and to you—oh, most to you. Tell Mr. Gilbert I'm so sorry I could n't wait for my father, that 's the hardest.

Your own little girl,

FRITZI.

"Jo," said Aunt Nancy, sternly, when she had read the note over several times. "Did you tell Fritzi I thought her a burden?"

"No," faltered Jo, as she stood looking down and wrapping the cord of her dressing-gown around and around her fingers. "I said that there was such a lot of us, and—that now we

were paupers—one more would be an added expense."

"I want Fritzi," sobbed Peace. "What are poppers, mother? We are n't them, are we?"

"Jo, how can I ever forgive you," said Aunt Nancy.

But it was her gentle mother's words that hurt the most.

"This is the first time a Hunter or a Fairfield has ever failed in hospitality; and to think it should be my daughter, and to the poor, motherless, little Fritzi."

"Tut, tut," cried Miss Franklin. "Likely the child feels badly enough as it is. Don't all come down on her at once. To be sure it was n't kind of Jo, but neither was it kind of Fritzi to run away. Johanna never thought of her doing that."

"Of course I did n't," faltered Jo, her eyes filling with tears. "I just thought—"

"You just wanted everything for yourself as you always do," broke in Rob. "Dear Miss Franklin, I don't agree with you. I think it was noble of Fritzi to go away that she might not be a burden."

"Tut, tut, child, I'm not saying it was n't. But at the same time I like common-sense mixed with nobleness; and was it showing gratitude to leave you all to worry?"

"My dear Miss Franklin," interrupted Mrs. Hunter, gently, "one does n't expect common-sense in a girl of fourteen, but one does expect kindness of heart, courtesy to a guest, and sympathy to a homeless child, and not one of these has Jo shown. Fritzi is a dear, loving little girl. Peace is a changed child since Fritzi came to us, and there is not one of us that did not love her, except Jo."

"Oh, mother, I do, I do love her," groaned Jo.

"But you have driven her away."

"And where would she go?" broke in distracted Aunt Nancy. "I went the other day to see if Madame Sarti had really left the city, and Mrs. O'Brian said she had, and that the McCartys, the only other friends Fritzi had that I know of, had gone to Ireland. Oh, Jo, how could you do it!"

But suddenly Jo had turned and fled up the stairs into her own room, locking the door after her.

With the key turned in the lock, Jo's dressing-gown flew one way and her slippers the other.

She rushed to her closet for her brown suit; she combed her hair like a whirlwind; she pulled off buttons, she lost pins, and knotted strings, but for all that in fewer moments than ever before in her life, Jo, properly dressed, stood before her mirror savagely pinning on her hat. Then at last ready with her purse in her hand, she went stealthily down the back stairs and out of the back door, where she ran straight into the arms of Uncle Christmas as he came up the steps.

"Wha' you all goin', honey?" he asked, sternly, laying a hand on either rail to bar her exit. "Dis ain't de way out fo' de ladies. How many times I dun tell you to go out de front do', same as your gran'mammy did. She did n't go pellmellin' from de back do' like no servant. She sailed out de front do' wif her haid up, jes' like de quality she alluz is."

"Oh, Uncle Christmas," moaned Jo, tragically wringing her hands. "If you cared one penny for the Hunter name you would let me fly, so that I could make it all right. Please, Uncle Christmas!"

Evidently Uncle Christmas was impressed; he scratched his old gray head and shuffled his feet in indecision.

"Does yo' Aunt Nancy know?" he inquired again.

Just then there was a faint tinkle of the door-bell. Some one was at the front door. Uncle Christmas shuffled his feet more uneasily, and Jo, feeling her advantage, changed her tactics. She would try the haughty Hunter manner, of which he was forever bragging, upon him.

"Out of my way, Christmas!" she cried. "Is it possible you no longer know the respect due a Hunter?"

So startled was poor old Uncle Christmas he almost fell over backward in his haste to make way for her; and off sped Jo, only pausing at the gate to grin wickedly back at him, as he stared after her.

"Fo' de lan' sake!" muttered the old man. "If she did n't look plum like her granny den. Pretty near scared de lif' out ob me, but dat grin wuz all Fairfield, no Hunter 'bout dat, I reckon. You ol' brack nigger, you, you's made a fool ob yo'-self agin. Dat gal's up to some mischief. Hain't goin' to bover Miss Nancy wif et yit, anyhow. Hain't goin' to git nobody in my wool long as I kin help it."

(To be concluded.)



From a photograph by The Pictorial News Co.

SCENE DURING THE YALE-HARVARD GAME AT NEW HAVEN, NOV. 24, 1906.

FOOT-BALL IN 1907

BY WALTER CAMP

THE rules for the season of 1907 promise to afford a great deal of interest to spectators and students of the game, a continuance of the startling upsetting of coaches' notions, and almost as great an amount of wonderment and worry for the players as began last season.

Last year it was inevitable that some action should be taken that should make it necessary to gain a greater distance in three downs. Mass play had become so well perfected, and at the same time so wearing, that some alteration that should make it less efficacious was imperative. Opening the game so that the play could be seen and concealed roughness should be out of the question was on the horizon over two years ago; and had the ten-yard rule been adopted then, it would have simplified matters greatly.

Probably the greatest advance made through the season of 1906 was apparent in the effect of the Committee's plans looking toward a more strict and certain enforcement of the rules, and a more forceful backing of the officials in performing this duty. Coaches, players, and public were impressed with the demand everywhere for good

officials—men who knew the rules and were competent to properly and strictly enforce them. Outside of the ten-yard rule, the few important alterations that had the greatest effect upon the play were the rule providing that a kicked ball on touching the ground should put the men on side; the rules forbidding tackling below the knees, and the dropping back of any of the five center men; and finally the rule permitting the forward pass. It was argued that if a team were required to gain ten yards in three downs, anything like a running game would be out of the question. This proved untrue in that in two of the big games one team went half the length of the field without an on-side kick or forward pass.

It was quite manifest that end-running was easier in the days when tackling below the knees was not permitted, and any one can readily see that, with the old method of warding off by a sweep of the hand a would-be tackler, the man running around the end, if obliged to protect himself only down to the knees from tackling, would get in better and longer runs as well as be less liable to injury. Hence this rule was

adopted, with the proviso, however, that if the man tackled above the knees and then slipped down it would not be considered a foul.

It was also evident that any arbitrary placing of the men on the defense would mean either a very decided slowing up of the play while the attacking side waited for the opponents to get into position, or else repeated claims, if the attacking side played rapidly, that their opponents were not in position, and hence the attacking side would claim a distance penalty. After much consideration, therefore, the plans for arbitrarily stationing the defense were abandoned. A method was, therefore, sought which should cause the defense to draw a man back from the line of their own accord, and this was accomplished by enacting that when a kicked ball struck the ground the kicker's side should all be put on side as the ball thus bounded.

This made it necessary to guard the back field more closely from kicks, and, as was hoped, it automatically weakened the defense.

The forward pass was based upon the same principle, and proved effective and brilliant.

The provision of a neutral zone, that is, separation of the two rush lines by the length of the ball, enabled the officials to see more clearly cases of "holding" in the line; this proved, upon the whole, an eminently satisfactory change.

Such were the results of the first year of "reformed foot-ball" as it is called. It has proved not only more satisfactory and interesting to the spectator, but, contrary to the belief of many of the coaches and some players, has made the game more attractive to those who take part in it.

The alterations in the rules which will govern the season of 1907 are, on account of this very extended revision which took place in the spring of 1906, very slight, and have but little effect upon the play. The rules will be better codified and made rather more complete.

The duties of the two umpires will be more clearly defined so as to place responsibility upon the proper shoulders, and also to further assist the referee.

The alterations which pertain directly to the play itself are: An increased length of playing time, making the halves the old time of thirty-five minutes again, instead of thirty minutes as in 1906. The penalty for an illegal forward pass and one which strikes the ground before it strikes a player of either side has been made less severe. In 1906 it meant the loss of the ball to the side which made the pass. In the rules of 1907, on the first and second down, it will mean a loss of distance—15 yards only—and not the loss of the ball. On the third down, however, the old rule applies of loss of ball. *This really is the main point of difference between the rules of 1907 and those of 1906.*

The ten-yard rule stands as it did last year, and the on-side kick. A player is considered as having an opportunity to make a fair catch when it is possible for him to reach the point where the ball is falling before the ball strikes the ground.

As there was some discussion last year as to whether a line man could run from his position in the line and take the ball from the quarter, the rule has been made specific in this case. It will be remembered that the rules of 1906 provided that the five center men could not be dropped back into the half-back field to run with the ball, and some questioned whether a tackle or guard could run from his position. The rule now provides that a line man may run from his position in the line and take the ball, provided he does not leave the line until the ball is actually put in play.

It will be seen that players of this fall will be obliged to perfect themselves in forward passing, open running, kicking, and catching. In fact, there is no more important part of the game under this fall's rules than that of catching and kicking. It is probable that the forward pass and the on-side kick will both be developed further, and many new and novel plays attempted. All this adds to the interest of the game.

As already mentioned, a strong feature of the game of 1906 was the better standard of officials, and this promises to be brought to a still higher state during this season.

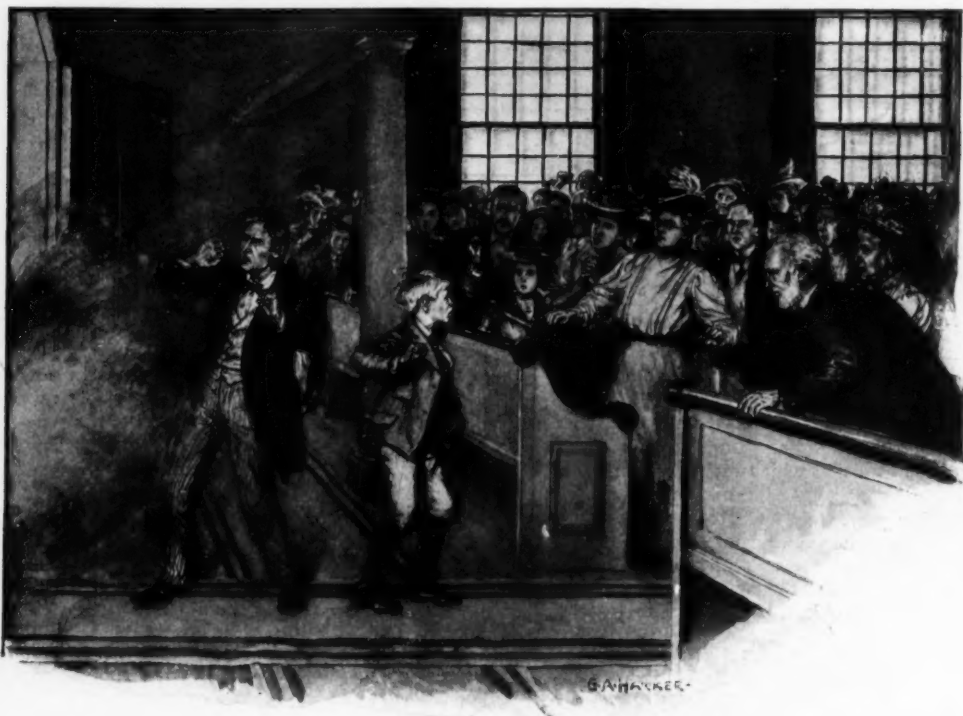


THE HERO

BY SAMUEL F. BATCHELDER

THE new organ in the South Parish Church at Weare Village was finished at last, and the "opening" was to be at four o'clock that August afternoon. Already the people were beginning to come. Franky Wilson had secured betimes a seat in the very middle of the very front row of pews. He was particularly interested in the occasion. To begin with, he was "musical" himself. At least his mother said he was, and had made him "take lessons" of Miss Tapper for a year. As a net result he could, on sufficiently urgent demand,

organ. He had seen the long boxes looking like giants' coffins unpacked, and their hundreds of pipes laid all over the tops of the pews. He had seen the strong clean-looking frame set up and bolted together. He had seen the rows of "trackers" fitted, like thin white nerves, to carry the orders from the keys to the pipes. He had seen the "swell-box" built, the "wind-chests" connected, and the "action" installed, and all the other wonderful secret doings that happen when the organ builders go to church. Then had come the rank-



"THE STAIRS HAVE FALLEN IN," HE CRIED. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

extract "The Happy Farmer" and the "Steel King March" from the cabinet organ in the "best room" at his home.

Besides, he was inquisitive, which is only another way of saying he was a boy, and by the favor of Uncle Seth Howe, the sexton, he had watched every step in the erection of the new

ing of the pipes themselves by families, wood and tin, long and short, fat and slim—the varied inhabitants in a beautiful city of music. As a great privilege, Franky had been sometimes allowed to blow the bellows while the "voicer" taught all the pipes of one family to speak the same language, and the tuner who followed insisted that

they speak it correctly. Franky was mechanical, which is again only *another* way of saying he was a boy; he had learned more about "levers," and "wind-pressures," and "friction," and "reverse-motions," and "acoustics" than he ever could have learned at school. Altogether, as he sat in the front pew and looked at the carved oak case and the silvered front-pipes and the creamy key-boards he almost felt as if that new organ belonged to him.

He was actually jealous of Mr. Short, the famous organist, who had come from Boston to give the opening recital. Franky had stolen in that morning and listened to him practise over his program and try all sorts of experiments with the organ. There was one piece on the program that had bothered Mr. Short a lot. It was called "Improvisations on Wagner's Fire Charm." Mr. Short played it without any music in front of him; but every now and then he had to stop and peep at a paper he kept in his pocket as if he was ashamed of it. Franky wondered whether he could get along without consulting that paper this afternoon. He was sitting on the platform now with the minister, Mr. Bloodgood; and the organist smiling and chatting and shooting out his cuffs two or three times a minute.

And the people were pouring in faster and faster; there were more than Franky had ever seen at "meeting." There were all the South Parish folks, including a lot who never came on Sunday. There were all the North Parish folks too. They had repainted their steeple and hung a new bell last year, and they felt a bit nervous now lest the South Parish had "gone them one better." Then there were all the summer boarders. Any change from sitting on the piazza or driving in a dusty carryall was welcomed by them. Franky could n't help thinking how much better Sunday service would be if as many folks as this would come to it. They were crowding thicker and thicker up the narrow shaky stairs; for the auditorium was on the second floor. Even the gallery above it, where nobody had sat for years and years, was filled. No wonder the air felt close and hot. By the time every one was seated there was scarcely an empty pew to be found—a wonderful sight in a New England meeting-house to-day.

The big clock in the steeple struck four clangs with a jar that seemed to shake the floor. Mr. Bloodgood, the minister, who was noted for his punctuality, rose promptly as the final stroke sounded, and came forward to the edge of the platform. Everything was very still.

"Brethren and sisters," he began, in his deepest and smoothest voice, "we welcome you here to-

day. We welcome our good friends of a sister church. We welcome the strangers within our gates. To each and all we reach out the right hand of fellowship and say: 'Rejoice with us!' This is a memorable occasion for us all. It is indeed rarely that within these hallowed precincts there falls—"

He was interrupted by a long ripping crash from the back of the auditorium—a sort of wooden thunderclap, as if a dozen wagon-loads of planks were all being unloaded at once. Mixed with it were muffled shouts and screams. Everybody jumped up and turned round so simultaneously that you might have thought them all pulled



"PUMP, PUMP, UP AND DOWN, HE WAS PANTING FOR BREATH!"

by one string. Then there was a second of horrible silence. Franky suddenly felt an awful choking inside, as if he had swallowed a whole Thanksgiving dinner at one gulp. In the middle of the silence Uncle Seth, at the rear of the church, called out: "The stairs have fallen in!"

And as a white cloud of plaster-dust puffed through the doorway, Silly Billy, next to him, cried in a high squeak—

"Fire!"

A sort of shudder seemed to run over the people, with a queer bubbling groan. Mr. Bloodgood raised his hand warningly.

"Keep cool! Sit down!" he shouted shrilly, as a herder shouts to a flock of sheep. Nobody paid the slightest attention. Silly Billy's cry echoed again — "Fire! Fire!" Other cries joined it. The aisles were full of people; those by the door were pushing toward the windows, those near the windows were struggling for the door. Some were standing on the seats, some were crawling under them. Franky had lost every idea he ever had. He stood stock-still, watching Mr. Bloodgood. Mr. Bloodgood spun round to Mr. Short, with a half-scream, "Play something, quick!" Mr. Short's face was very white and his answer sounded very far away — "I can't. The blower has n't come!"

Franky never knew how it happened. His head felt just as vacant as before, but he heard himself cry out, like some other boy, "I 'll pump!" At the same time he discovered himself climbing over the edge of the platform and dashing into the narrow crooked passage that led behind the organ to the little closet for the blower. He fell upon the bellows-handle like a young maniac, and the slim white finger of the wind-indicator slid down in a moment to show that the bellows were full. At the same instant the pipes around him began to sound: Mr. Short was playing. Excited as he was, Franky recognized the piece at once; it was the "Improvisation." He was quite close to the player, though separated by the panels of the organ-case; the music

was not very loud, and he could hear Mr. Bloodgood's hoarse exclamation, "For mercy's sake don't play that! That's the *Fire Music*! Give us something brisk and cheerful!"

There was an instant's pause. Franky saw all the stop-actions beside him move outward, and then the full organ burst into a roar of sound. It was his own best show piece, the "Steel King!" All the pipes were at it, big and little,



"THERE HE IS ACROSS THE STREET, SHAKING HANDS. FOLKS SAY HE'S A HERO."

tooting and blaring and whistling. The sound was almost deafening, and Franky had all he could do to keep the bellows full. As for the hubbub in the auditorium he heard no more of it than if he were in a boiler-shop a hundred miles away. He began to wonder if people were getting hurt. Was that shouting, jostling crowd a

"panic?" And how about the fire? No time to think now! There was that white finger sliding up, and he must keep it down! Pump—pump! Up and down! He was panting for breath. The "Steel King" had finished and was beginning all over again as loud as ever. What a blast those big bass pipes made close to his head, and how they used up the wind! Faster with that handle there,—faster, faster! Up and down, up and down! His face was in a perspiration. It was terribly hot in that little closet. Was there something besides the summer afternoon that made it so? Was that smoke or dust creeping in? No time to think now! His job was at that pump-handle, up and down, up and down, fighting that old wind-indicator that jumped and jeered at him without a pause. And what a roaring! Suddenly he found it was not perspiration alone that was running down his face—he was crying from sheer excitement and fatigue. He would have been sobbing had he had the breath, but his lungs seemed absolutely breathless.

Pump! pump! pump! Could he hold out much longer? It was getting very dark around him. Should he be burned up all by himself there? His back felt like a rusty hinge; his arms he could not feel at all. Up and down, up and down! He had a sudden burst of foolish anger against that sickly white finger that was beckoning him on every moment to further trouble. There was another beginning of the "Steel King." How many times did that make? He hated that tune, and always had! The fire must be very near now. What had become of Mr. Bloodgood and all the people? Was he all alone in the world? Pump, pump, for very life! It was for life, for he knew now that he was a sailor on the reeling deck of a ship in mid-ocean—a ship that was both afire and aleak, with all hands at the pumps, up and down, up and down! The roar of the flames and the roar of the water and the roar of the wind filled his head to bursting. Everything was roaring and reeling and turning black, the ship was sinking—sinking—

WHEN he awoke he was doubled up across the floor of the blower's little closet. Everything was quiet. Outside, it was getting dark. His head ached fearfully. He felt as if he had been playing a dozen foot-ball games at once, and getting horribly pounded in every one of them. He was so stiff he could hardly stand. He crept

painfully out of the little alleyway into the auditorium. It was empty and not at all burned! Ladder-heads at several of the windows showed the way that many of the people had got out. Down near the door Uncle Seth Howe was poking among a pile of pew-cushions, hymn-books and palm-leaf fans.

"Why, hello, Franky," said he, rather crossly. "What you doin' here? Ain't nobody allowed in; 't ain't no ways safe, they say."

Franky peered down into the empty staircase—well at the pile of rubbish covered thick with plaster-dust.

"Then there was n't any fire?" he asked. "Was n't there any fire?"

"Fire? No," snapped Uncle Seth, "no more 'n my cat's tail 's afire. If folks had only acted half-ways sensible, they would n't ha' been all this Billy-oh!"

"Was n't anybody hurt?"

"More scairt than hurt, I guess. Ol' Mis' Spencer's lost her false teeth, but I 'll be jiggered 'f I c'n find 'em!"

"Then there was n't any need of all that playing the organ?"

"Oh, yes they was, too. That 's what kinder heartened folks up and stiddied 'em till the ladders was got h'isted, and somebody remembered the side stairs was all right. I guess that organist feller saved the bacon. It beats all how some folks is always handy when they 're wanted. Everybody 's wild about him. The reporter fer the Boston papers has got his photygraph to put on the front page. Folks is talkin' about gettin' up a testimonial for him. There he is acrost the street now, a-shakin' hands still. Folks say he 's a hero."

Franky dug his toe into the pile of hymn-books meditatively.

"I 'd like to be a hero," he said. "Some day I mean to try."

Uncle Seth shook his head.

"I come nigh bein' a hero onct, myself," he observed, "only another feller could swim faster, and pulled the gal out afore I reached her. He got a medal, too. But I dunno. I don't take much stock in this hero business—it 's too uncertain. They ain't much in it."

"No, I s'pose not," said Franky, wondering what the "hero" would have done without a volunteer to keep the air in the organ-pipes. "Well, I guess I 'll go home."

BETH'S PREMIUM

BY ELIZABETH PRICE

It was very hot to sit still and sew. The needle would get sticky in spite of all the help the little emery strawberry could give it, and Beth's fingers had never felt so clumsy and uncomfortable. If only May and Billy would play a little farther off it would help some, but there they were in plain sight, under the very shadiest maple, with all the games Beth liked best.

It was an apron she was making—white cambric with wee cunning pockets and bretelles that

handing. Mama, busy at her own sewing, heard a long-drawn sigh and looked up to smile comfortingly. "I think you 'll be through by five o'clock, Bethy," she said. "You know we must send it off to-night so as to have it entered on time. You 've done beautifully, dear, and you deserve a premium whether you get it or not." Beth smiled back and decided that, after all, it was n't so dreadfully hot, and five o'clock was n't very far away. "Do you think I 'll get it, Mama?" she asked, for the twentieth time.

"I don't know, dear. If Mama was judge, you surely would, but they have n't invited me to award any prizes. You must n't count on it too much, for you may be disappointed, but your time has not been wasted even if you get nothing but the pretty apron, and the pleasure of knowing that you made it yourself, and very neatly."

"What is this talk I hear, of premiums and mysteries?" demanded Uncle Ed, coming in from the porch.

"It 's the County Fair, Uncle Ed—next week—and they have offered five dollars to the best sewing under fourteen years old, and I 'm trying to get it," explained Beth, excitedly.

"Which you surely ought to do, for I can testify that your sewing is considerably less than fourteen years of age," declared the roguish uncle. But Beth was too full of her subject to heed teasing. Uncle Ed had been away for a month, and it was such a comfort to find somebody who had n't heard the matter discussed over and again.

"I 'm only eight, Uncle Ed, but I 've been most as careful as fourteen, don't you think?" and the needle-roughened forefinger pointed to the tidy hem. Uncle Ed hunted for his eye-glasses—"because I can't see them at all without," he declared. "Of all the ridiculously small stitches—why, Beth, I 'll be surprised if those near-sighted judges don't think you 've glued that petticoat together."

"It 's an apron, Uncle Ed," explained the small seamstress, patiently. "It 's very important, because if I get the money it 's to go into the bank to help my education, so I can be a teacher, and Mama won't have to work."

"I see. And if you don't get it you 'll have to



"DO YOU THINK I 'LL GET IT, MAMA?" SHE ASKED FOR THE TWENTIETH TIME.

were to come quite up to her shoulders, and narrow, delicate tatting over-handed every bit of the way around only the belt. It was n't at all like the aprons little girls wear nowadays, but it was stylish then, and very pretty. Beth had made it, every stitch—seams and facing that had to be hemmed down so carefully, and it was all done except a part of the tatting. But oh! there had been such a lot of that—yards and yards it seemed to Beth, as she glanced longingly out once more at the shade, and May, and Billy, and the games. When you are only eight years old there are things that seem more interesting than over-

be an ignoramus all your life. I should think it is important!"

And then May and Billy clamored at the window, and Beth set the last careful stitch, and the clock struck five.

THE County Fair began as usual; just as if Beth's apron were not a part of it. It was too far away for Mama and the children to attend, but Uncle Ed went on the last day, and he was to bring back word of the result. Beth was certain she should not sleep a wink until he came, no matter how late that was, but Mama insisted on her going to bed as usual and the next thing she knew, it was broad daylight. Uncle Ed was down in the dining-room, but he did n't say much—just looked over his eye-glasses and talked about

premium pigs and mowing-machines and pretended he had n't heard a word about aprons. Beth crept away by herself. She understood—she had n't gotten any premium and Uncle Ed did n't like to tell her. Well, if she could n't ever be educated she 'd have to be a dressmaker like Mama, and sew, no matter how hot it was.

And then breakfast was ready, and Uncle Ed called her to come quick before he starved.

She slipped quietly into her chair, and slowly lifted her plate to release an edge of the napkin; and there, under it, folded neatly, lay her very own cambric apron with a blue ribbon pinned fast, and across it a smooth, gray-green, fascinating five-dollar bill.

And this is n't a made-up story at all, for it every bit happened.



A FLOOD IN THE CONGO VALLEY.

EXCITEMENT AMONG THE ANIMALS AS MR. ELEPHANT TRIES TO GET ABOARD.

THE TROUBLES OF THE PORCUPINE AND OTHER FABLES

BY BOLTON HALL



PORCUPINES are little animals like fat rabbits, with long hairs that have grown into spikes that are called quills.

Once upon a time a porcupine agreed with a rabbit that they would work together. Of course the rabbit had to run about a great deal to get his

food, and could see a great many things, but the porcupine could not run very fast. So when the rabbit found trees that had the kind of bark that the porcupine liked to eat, he told the porcupine; and when foxes or dogs came, the rabbit crept under the porcupine and they could not touch him because they were so afraid of the porcupine's quills.

The two got on very nicely together, and finally the porcupine said that he would like to sleep with the rabbit, and the rabbit said, "All right," but the second night the porcupine curled himself up so that a long spike stuck out and pricked the poor rabbit, and when the rabbit asked him not to do that the porcupine said, "You are a horrible cross thing, and I won't work with you any more."

So off he went and found a wildcat; and he said to the wildcat, "You work with me." The wildcat had to go long journeys so as to catch rabbits and mice and birds, and when he found the right kind of trees he would tell the porcupine, just as the rabbit used to do; and when the porcupine was climbing about the branches and found birds' nests he told the wildcat and the wildcat ate the eggs and the birds. So they were getting along nicely, until one day the wildcat said he knew of some trees that were very hard to find, so he would show the porcupine where they were, and off they set together. It was pretty hot walking, and the porcupine, to let the air in, raised up his spines straight and they stuck into the poor wildcat. The wildcat said, "Oh, don't do that," and the porcupine said, "I will too—I want to." "Well," said the wildcat, "I won't find you any more trees," and he left him then and there, and the porcupine said, "What a horrid disagreeable thing a wildcat is!"

The porcupine started to go home, and on the way a storm came up and it was blowing hard, and when he came to a house he thought he would go and take shelter in the cellar. As he passed the front door there was a hitching-post, and it had got a little loose in the ground from the horses' pulling at it. Just as he went past, it blew over a little bit and at once the porcupine turned around his tail and hit it a bang with his spikes, and a lot of them went into the hitching-post. Of course the post did not care, but it hurt the porcupine awfully. The porcupine said, "I think the meanest, hatefulest people I ever met are hitching-posts."

The people in the house were really very kind people, and they used to give him apples and grease (which porcupines love to eat) and pretty soon he got so tame that he would come up and take the apples out of their hands. Their dog was a wise dog and knew enough to let the porcupine alone, and so really this porcupine was quite a pet. The little girl Doris used to feed him and to stroke him from his head to his tail on the sharp spines and he smoothed them down so that they would not hurt her hand.

But one day, when she was petting him that way, the stupid porcupine stuck up his spikes and two of them went into Doris's hands, and she ran away frightened and told her papa. Her papa took a big switch and switched the porcupine so badly that he went away as fast as his legs could carry him, saying to himself, "I think girls are horridly unkind."

As he was going along the wagon-road he met a horse and wagon and he did not get out of the way of the wagon at all; the driver was asleep in the wagon and the horse was jogging along. He was a nice horse, besides which he did not want to get his leg full of porcupine quills, so he just stepped aside and the porcupine sat there as grumpy as could be; and the first thing he knew the wheel came right at him so that he had just time to scramble to the side, and as it passed he struck it with his tail. Well, of course the wheel was made of hard wood and it smashed the quills of his poor tail and the edge of the wheel went over his hind paw, and the porcupine said, "The cruelest, meanest things I know are wheels."

See what troubles one has, when one is a porcupine!

THE CROSS SQUIRREL

ONCE there was a squirrel that did not like its home, and he used to scold and find fault with everything. Its papa squirrel had long gray whiskers, and so was wise—beside which he could shake his whiskers quickly. He said to the squirrel, "My dear, as you do not like your home there are three sensible things you could do—

Leave it,
or Change it,
or Suit yourself to it.

Any one of these would help you in your trouble."

But the little squirrel said, "Oh, I do not want to do any of those; I had rather sit on the branch of a tree and scold."

"Well," said the papa squirrel, "if you must do that, whenever you want to scold, just go out on a branch and scold away at some one you do not know."

The little squirrel blushed so much that he became a red squirrel, and you will notice that to this day red squirrels do just that thing.

THE STUPID MICE

THERE were five little field mice. Their mother was very wise and one day when they went out to play she told them that when she chirped like a bird, they must lie perfectly still. That seemed so funny that the mice were surprised, and began to ask each other a great many questions about it. It would have been much better to ask their mama, but they were very little.

Just then their mother saw a hawk in the sky and chirped. One poor little mouse got frightened and forgot all about what she said; and one dived down into a hole. Unfortunately there was a weasel in that hole; and the weasel got him. Another ran off and got lost in the grass, and never was found again. Another ran and tried to hide under a leaf, and a hawk swooped down and ate him up. Another jumped into the bushes and a snake swallowed him. The fifth stayed quite still and, though he did not know it, he looked so like a withered leaf that neither the snake nor the weasel nor the hawk saw him at all.

Which one do you think was the wisest?

MISS PEACH AND MISS PEAR

BY HELEN W. ROLLINSON



MISS PEACH has such a lovely face
I think it would be out of place
To tell you that, tho' never tart,
She has a very stony heart.

POOR Miss Pear has a swollen
cheek;
She's had it, too, for nearly a
week;
If you ask me now how that can
be—
I'll tell you why: She fell out of a
tree.



PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VARIAN

HOW PINKEY PROFITED BY A DOUBLE TRADE .

IN times gone by it had often seemed to Pinkey Perkins that unless he became the possessor of some certain thing upon which he had especially set his heart, his whole existence must become a dreary failure. He had run the course of skates, rubber boots, and steam-engine, with an interval when a scroll-saw claimed his whole attention, and had devoted more than the allotted time to the different outdoor sports of kite-flying, baseball, and similar amusements.

But now, after all, he realized that never before had he *really* wanted anything. All his other desires were mere weak and passing fancies compared to the yearnings that had been consuming him of late. What made him all the more disturbed, was the fact that he was uncertain as to which of two things he most desired.

For some weeks, Pinkey had thought of nothing but bicycles during his waking hours. He had read all the bicycle catalogues he could lay his hands on, until he could recite to his father from memory all the attractive points about each make of wheel he had any hopes of coaxing him to buy. At night he had dreamed of bicycles and bicycle rides, until it seemed that unless he soon became the owner of one, life would not be worth living.

But after a visit of a few days in the country while this longing for a bicycle was at its height, Pinkey returned with a new desire, more violent, if possible, than the one he had been cherishing up to that time. He had become overwhelmed by a passion to own a team of goats and a wagon to which he might drive them. This new state of affairs had been brought about by the fact that a boy who lived near where he had been visiting owned such a team, and during the short time he had been there, Pinkey had learned to hitch up the goats, and drive them wherever he chose. He had shown no fear of them, and they had made no attempt to frighten him by the usual antics of such animals.

To Pinkey's unbounded delight, he had learned by questioning that the goats and wagon were for sale; but when he made bold to ask what the price might be, he was pained to learn that the amount was just seven dollars more than he had at his command.

When he had returned home, all aglow with

tales of the wonderful bargain he could make regarding the goat team, his pleadings fell on deaf ears as far as any encouragement from his father was concerned. Mr. Perkins had no objection to his son having a bicycle or the goats, but he also believed in putting him on his own responsibility in the matter of securing either.

In Pinkey's mind there was no question as to which he most desired; the goats had entirely supplanted the bicycle in his estimation, though finances were the great difficulty in the attainment of either. He went so far as to promise his father that if he would buy the goats and wagon, the subject of bicycle should be dropped at once; although they would cost much less than the cheapest bicycle. But even this assurance failed to melt his father's heart, and Pinkey's disappointment was deeper than ever.

There was one glimmer of hope, however, which Pinkey could see through the sea of despondency into which he had been plunged; but he refused to consider it unless all other possibilities failed. There was a boy in town who owned a bicycle which he would sell, and which Pinkey could buy with the slender means at his disposal. But Pinkey hated the idea of buying a second-hand machine. He had no prejudices against second-hand goats and wagon, but that was a different matter. The owner of the bicycle that was for sale had grown too large for it, and had offered it to Pinkey at a very low figure; but it had never been a high-grade machine, and was much the worse for hard usage, and Pinkey feared that he could never be satisfied with it.

Pinkey did not conceal his enthusiasm concerning the goats, but on the contrary talked among his companions on the subject as much as he had on the subject of bicycle up until this time.

"I'd give anything if I had them," he said to Bunny Morris one day, when talking of the subject uppermost in his mind. "I could drive them anywhere, and besides having a lot of fun out of them, I might make some money."

"But how are you going to get them?" persisted the practical Bunny.

"I don't know as I'm ever going to get them," retorted Pinkey; "but there's nothing to hinder me talking about it, is there?"

"There does n't seem to be," replied Bunny, dryly.

"Well, in any way, I'm not going to give up hopes yet awhile," asserted Pinkey.

He set his mind to work to devise some plan by which he might earn the additional amount necessary to purchase his heart's desire. School had just begun, so whatever he did would have to be done during evenings and Saturdays.

After several days' pondering over how he could add to his insufficient wealth, he was plunged still deeper in despair by the realization that he had talked too much about his fondest hope. Shiner Brayley, who had always been more or less jealous of Pinkey's acknowledged leadership among the boys of their age, announced to a crowd, while Pinkey was present, that he believed he would buy the goats himself. He had saved up enough from his summer's wages as a delivery boy to seal the bargain.

"I don't think that's square," said Pinkey, frankly. "If it had n't been for my finding out where they are, and telling you about them, you'd have never known anything about them, and I don't think it's right for you to buy them until I give them up."

"Humph, that's all you know about it," replied Shiner. "I've always wanted a team of goats, and if you can't afford to buy them, I don't see what's the matter with my doing so, if I want to."

"I have n't said I was n't going to buy them or that I can't afford to," replied Pinkey, hotly; "and as long as I'm still in the trade, you've got no business to come along and spoil it."

"Well, I'll do as I please about that," replied Shiner, walking away; "and if I spoil your trade, that's your lookout, not mine."

Pinkey knew he was helpless to stop the trade, for if Shiner went to the owner of the goats with the proper amount of cash, of course he would get them. He tried to think of some plan of preventing their passing into his rival's hands, but there was no way out of it. After discovering the goats, and announcing his intention to own them, it was a bitter disappointment to see them pass into any one else's hands, and especially into Shiner's.

"Well, fellows," said Shiner, gaily, as he approached a group of his playmates a few days later, "I've bought the goats and wagon Pinkey Perkins was talking so much about, and I'll have them Saturday. Come around and have a ride." Pinkey was not present when this speech was made, or perhaps Shiner's tone would have had less of a suggestion of bragging about it.

"Pinkey does n't care," spoke up Bunny

bravely. "He's bought Billy Baker's bicycle. He went down a while ago to look it over, and as soon as they fix it up a little, he's going to ride it home. He wanted a bicycle long before he ever thought of having a team of goats."

Bunny was trying to protect Pinkey's pride, which had suffered a severe blow, as he well knew. But he spoke truly, for Pinkey had really effected a trade for the bicycle, and had gone down to bring it home that evening. He felt that his defeat would be less apparent if he bought the wheel before Shiner bought the goats.

That evening, Pinkey rode his new bicycle home, and as he pedaled his way along the street, he tried to believe that he had not made such a bad selection after all. He was trying to coax himself to feel that he had got what he really wanted; but down deep in his heart, he knew better. The wheel was old and rickety, and hard to run, and but for the distinction which went with owning a bicycle, he could not call his transaction a very profitable one.

That evening after supper, he rode his new purchase all over town, and made several trips around the public square; and it was a source of much comfort to him to see that the allegiance of his friends had not been decreased by his loss of the coveted team of goats.

"Let me ride around the square once, Pinkey," was the request that greeted him on all sides, every time he appeared on his new mount. Pinkey was very generous in granting these requests, when they came from those who could ride, and it was a pleasure to him at any rate to have something which his friends could enjoy with him.

"I saw Shiner's goats coming in a while ago, Pinkey," called Bunny, as he vaulted the fence at Pinkey's house the following Saturday morning. "Let's go down and see them."

Pinkey was oiling his bicycle, and pretended not to hear Bunny's remark. He had been hoping that the deal might fall through, and that Shiner might not get the team after all.

As Bunny drew nearer, he repeated his statement, adding that the whole outfit, wagon, harness, and all, had been brought to town in a big wagon by the father of the boy who owned them.

"What do I care," replied Pinkey. "I've got all I can attend to here, without bothering myself with Shiner Brayley's business." Then he added: "Are n't they a dandy team; did you see them near-by?"

Bunny did not let it appear that he noticed the lively interest Pinkey had betrayed in spite of himself.

"No, I did n't see them close, but I thought I'd go down after a while, and see what they're like."

"Let's see who can ride around the block the quickest," proposed Pinkey, changing the subject instantly. He did not like the idea of Bunny leaving him to go down to Shiner's house. Much as he would have liked to go, his pride kept him from considering such a possibility.

"I don't believe I can stay very long," replied Bunny, uneasily. "I just stopped in for a few minutes."

"Oh, come on, and stay," coaxed Pinkey. "We can ride all around, and have a lot of fun; and then you can stay for dinner."

"I'd like to, Pinkey, but I can't right now. I've got to go; but maybe I'll be back after a while." Bunny was torn between his desire to stay with Pinkey, and his curiosity to see the wonderful goat team, and he found the latter desire too strong to be overcome.

Never before had Bunny been in a hurry to leave Pinkey's house. On the contrary it was frequently necessary for Mrs. Perkins to remind him that he and Pinkey had played long enough, and that it was time for him to go home.

Pinkey felt pained that his chum should leave him thus, but he also realized that the attraction was strong, and made no further effort to detain him; though, as Bunny departed, he felt his load of disappointment increase doubly.

After trying to raise his drooping spirits by taking a long ride on his wheel, Pinkey returned, tired, hot, lonesome and disgusted. Riding alone was no fun; the bicycle seemed to run harder than ever; and all around he was not glad of his purchase, and was growing to regret it more, every ride he took.

When he returned, he left his bicycle leaning against the buggy shed, and went inside to nurse his gloomy spirits. Never before had life seemed quite so empty, or the future to present such a dismal outlook. He had lost what he had set his heart upon, and had made bad matters worse by buying something which was not as desirable a substitute as he had hoped.

He was still sitting on the box in the shed, when Bunny returned after an absence of nearly two hours.

"Well, Pinkey," said Bunny, after a rather mournful reply to his signal whistle had told him where his chum was. "I guess Shiner is n't so tickled over his trade, as he was. He can't do a thing with his goats, now that he's got them."

"What's the trouble?" inquired Pinkey, assuming a less despondent appearance. "Can't he manage them?"

"Manage them! Well, I should say not. They won't let him come anywhere near them. He's scared to death of them, and they know it. Every

time he goes near them they just take after him, and chase him all over the place."

"Well," said Pinkey, decisively, "he'll never get any good out of them now; 'cause if a goat once gets it into his head you're afraid of him, that ends it." One would have thought from Pinkey's tone that he was an authority on such subjects.

Bunny stayed at Pinkey's house for dinner, as Pinkey had suggested in the morning. During the meal he noticed that Pinkey was deep in thought, and had but little to say, though he gave no one any idea of what was going on in his mind. Bunny feared that he had done something to offend Pinkey, and wondered if his going down to Shiner's house could be the cause.

As soon as the boys left the table, Pinkey got some old rags, and began a thorough cleaning of his new bicycle. He polished all the parts, oiled all the bearings well, packed the tools carefully in the tool-bag, inflated the tires to their full capacity, and tightened up any loose nuts and bolts that he could find needed it.

Bunny assisted him all he could, but he could get no satisfactory reply to his questions bearing on the reason for this sudden cleaning up.

When the work was completed, the wheel looked better than it had since the newness had worn off after its original purchase.

"Where are you going, Pinkey?" inquired Bunny, as Pinkey led the bicycle out to the front gate, and prepared to mount.

"Never mind where I'm going," replied Pinkey, with a business-like tone in his voice. "You stay here till I come back."

"But Pinkey," persisted Bunny, "let me go along," and he started to follow Pinkey as he rode away.

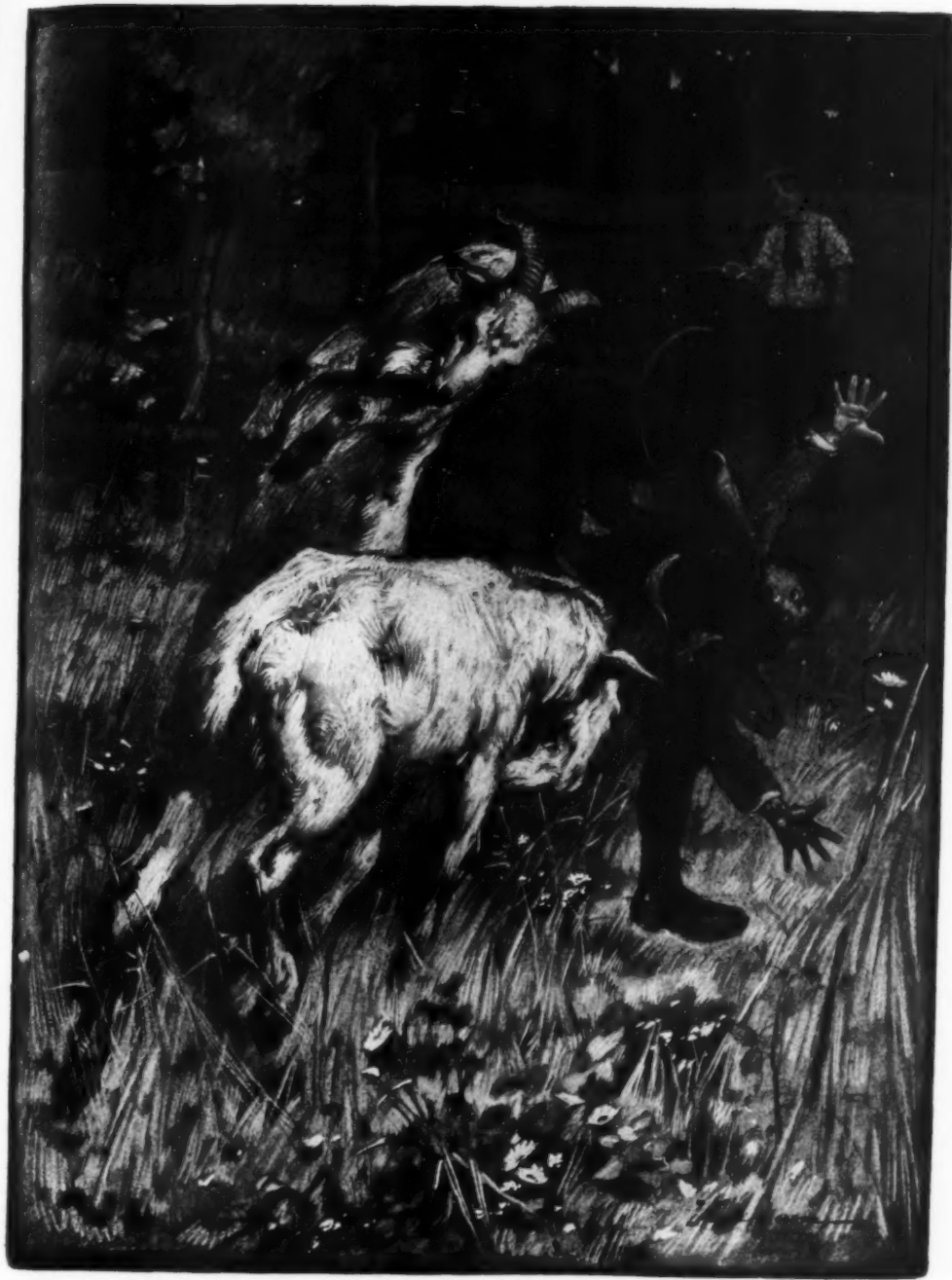
"No," answered Pinkey, decisively, "I don't need you. I'll be back before long."

Bunny was perplexed at Pinkey's action, but further persistence or questioning was useless. There was nothing to do but obey orders, and await developments.

When Pinkey set out on his wheel, he was not certain himself as to his exact movements, but he had a general idea of what he would try to do. He did not go directly to Shiner's house, which was his real destination, but took a roundabout course, so that he could come by that way from the opposite direction, as though he had done so accidentally.

As he approached the house he rode slowly, and did not "let on" that he had any idea of stopping; but he kept a keen eye out for any sight of Shiner and his new belongings.

As he hoped and expected, he saw Shiner in the



"NO SOONER HAD HE SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET, THAN THE SECOND
GOAT 'LANDED' ON HIM." (SEE PAGE 1026.)

back yard, and to his delight there were no other boys around. Shiner did not see Pinkey coming, nor did Pinkey call to him. He dismounted at the front gate, and led his wheel through the front yard, and around the house to where Shiner was.

Just as he came in sight, he saw Shiner untying the goats with the intention of making a desperate effort to hitch them up. He had no more than

him flying with considerable speed headlong to the ground again.

Struggling to his feet a third time he finally gained the fence, and scrambled to the top of a post, to which he clung frantically, while the goats planted both feet on the lower boards, and shook their heads threateningly at their conquered master.

"Hello, Shiner," called Pinkey, as though nothing out of the way had happened. For all Shiner knew, Pinkey had just arrived.

"Hello," replied Shiner, from his perch on the fence. There was no animation in his voice, and he seemed worried.

"What's the matter with the goats?" inquired Pinkey. "Are they acting up?" He was careful not to appear pleased over what he had seen, and to refrain from any appearance of teasing Shiner over his experience.

"Yes, they're awful wild, and I would n't go near them, if I were you. I don't believe they've ever been broken to drive at all. When did you get here?"

"Just a few minutes ago," replied Pinkey. "I was riding by on my wheel, and stopped in to see your new team. Have you hitched them up yet?"

"Not yet," answered Shiner sadly. "I wonder if they're the same goats that boy used to drive so nicely. If they are, he's the only one that can drive them. They chase me whenever I try it. They act just as if they'd never been tamed."

All the time the boys were talking, the goats kept close vigil over Shiner, but seemed to pay no attention to Pinkey whatever, though he was not far away.

"Well, I'll have to be going on," said Pinkey, turning his bicycle around, and starting toward the gate. "I believe I'll take a ride down to the depot, and see the train come in."

"Say, Pinkey," called Shiner, when Pinkey had almost reached the house.

Pinkey stopped and turned around.

"What'll you give me for these goats?" continued Shiner.

Pinkey had difficulty in controlling his delight at this question. He knew he did not dare to make the proposition, and had feared unless Shiner said something before he got away, that the object of his visit would be lost. Now he saw hopes of the success of his scheme.

"What do I want with them, if they are n't broken to drive?" replied Pinkey, doubtfully. He did not want to appear too eager to trade, else Shiner might change his mind. But in his present state of mind, there was not much chance of that.

"Oh, I guess they have been driven some, and maybe they'd like you all right. They don't like



"HE FINALLY GAINED THE FENCE, AND SCRAMBLED TO THE TOP OF A POST, TO WHICH HE CLUNG FRANTICALLY."

taken the rope in his hands than one of the animals ran as far as he could go in one direction, while the second went at full speed in the other. With Shiner between them the goats had him at their mercy, and they seemed to know it. The one behind him turned, lowered his head and came at Shiner, full speed. Before he could turn around, Shiner had received the full effect of the goat's attack, and went sprawling on his hands and knees several feet away.

No sooner had he scrambled to his feet, than the second goat "landed" on him as the first had done, and down he went again.

When their thoroughly-frightened victim arose the second time, he was in full flight, and away he went in a frantic effort to reach the fence before the incensed animals close at his heels could overtake him. Just as he neared the fence both his pursuers struck him at the same time, and sent

me at all, for some reason, and I don't believe I'll ever be able to do anything with them."

"Well I have n't anything to give for them except my wheel, and I have n't had it but a few days."

This was the reply Shiner had hoped Pinkey would make. He was sick of his bargain already, and heartily envied the independent way in which Pinkey could ride around anywhere he pleased.

"I would n't mind trading," continued Shiner, after a moment's silence. It was a difficult admission to make, but it was the only solution he saw for a bad situation.

At this, Pinkey came back slowly toward the fence. The goats had by this time ceased their vigilance and had gone to grazing in another part of the yard, giving Shiner a chance to climb down from his perch on the fence.

Pinkey did not go near the goats, since he did not want Shiner to know that they were gentle until after the trade had been settled one way or the other.

In a very short space of time the trade was effected. Shiner rode the wheel up and down the walk a few times and promptly decided that he would willingly part with the two incorrigible goats and the wagon and harness, to become the possessor of such a gentle steed. Pinkey was delighted beyond words at attaining what he had given up as lost to him forever, so each was highly pleased to think that he had the better of the bargain.

No sooner had the trade been closed than Pinkey took the two bridles from the wagon, walked confidently over to where the goats were grazing and, with no resistance whatever, bridled first one and then the other, and led them over to where Shiner stood looking on in amazement. The animals came along as peacefully as a couple of sheep, and stood quietly while Pinkey hitched them to the wagon. They seemed to remember him, and to know that he was not in the least afraid of them.

"I guess they're all tired out chasing me," said

Shiner, trying to excuse his own failure to handle them; "but wait till they get roused up again."

"They'll be all right, I guess," replied Pinkey, "just as long as they know I'm not afraid of them. Anyway, I'll risk it."

When he had the team hitched up, and was satisfied that everything was in readiness, Pinkey climbed in the wagon and, with a heart as light as it had been heavy for days past, drove gaily out of Shiner's gate up the road toward his home, eager to show the waiting Bunny the outcome of

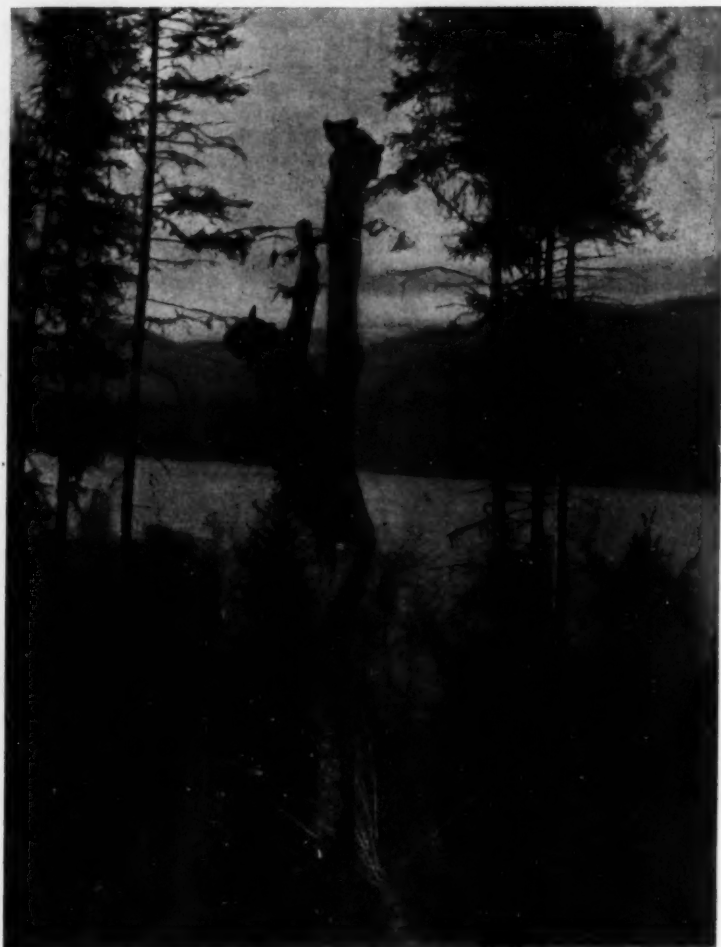


"PINKEY CLIMBED IN THE WAGON AND DROVE GAILY OUT OF THE GATE UP THE ROAD TOWARD HIS HOME."

his mysterious excursion. His ambition had been attained and he was the owner of the first and finest team of goats that Enterprise ever boasted.

Pinkey felt no reluctance at having traded his wheel to Shiner, for Shiner had suggested it, and was satisfied with the exchange. He had secured what his slender means had prevented his buying in the first place, and, at the same time, Shiner, glad to get rid of his undesirable property at any sacrifice, felt that he had made the best trade of his life.

Long after Shiner's bicycle had been consigned to the scrap-heap, Pinkey and his team of goats were a familiar sight on the streets of Enterprise, and the pleasure which he and his friends derived from his exchange could not have been measured by the value of many such bicycles as the one he had traded for his coach and pair.



WILL HE GET THEM?

RANDOM RHYMES

BY NIXON WATERMAN

SILENT LETTERS

OF vowels, all—good, better, best—
The loud, round “O!” is noisiest:
The rest have ways more laudable
Because they ’re all in-A-U-d-I-bl-E.

PRUDENCE

THOUGH the doctor’s thoughts may be at war
With those who seek a cure,
He has to keep his temper, or
He ’ll lose his patients, sure.



THE RIVER ELF

BY

MARY C. METCALF

He wears a bit of river mist
About him as a wrap,
And from the dainty jewel-weed
He gets his peaked cap.

He sails abroad upon the web
The water-spider weaves;
And green above, and red below,
He paints the lily leaves.

He colors, with a yellow gay,
The turtle's horny hide;
And on the darting dragon-fly
Delights to steal a ride.

He polishes the fishes' scales,
And always in the spring
Establishes his evening school
To teach young frogs to sing.

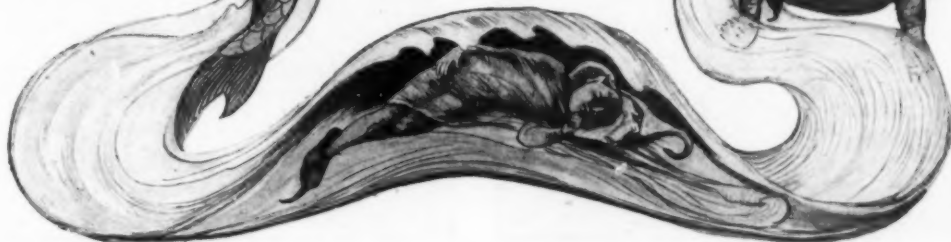
Wee bits of mud with moonbeams bright
He fashions at his ease,
They flit away as fireflies
To dance among the trees.

And when dark night has hushed
the leaves

And hid the king-bird's nest,
Upon a softly curling wave
He slips away to rest.



Aberline
Randall
Wheeler



RIDING ON FATHER'S FOOT

BY
EMILIE POULSSON



¹A sudden upward fling of the foot represents the jump.

Over the Gate.

THE rider is ready,
All mounted in state;
So gallop and gallop
And jump¹ the high
gate.

To Tumble Town.

RIDE to market,
Ride to mill,
Down the valley,
Up the hill.
All the roads, up or
down,
Lead at last to Tumble
Town.²



²Baby enjoys the little tumble with which this play ends.



"And jump the high gate."



"Down the valley, up the hill."

TROTTING PLAYS

By EMILIE POULSSON

The Good Steed.

HERE 's a good steed
To serve you at your need,—
Walk at slow pace
Or gallop in a race.
If you ride Witch
She 'll throw you in a ditch;
If you ride Dare,
He 'll toss you in the air;
But here 's a good steed, etc.

(Repeat rhyme.)

Trit-trot.

TROT, old Blackie; trot to town;
Shake your rider up and down.
Trit-trot fast, and trit-trot far,
Trit-trot home again. Here we are!



Where is Baby Going?

HURRAH for a canter
And visit besides!
For off to see Grandma¹
The Baby now rides.

¹ Before repeating the stanza the baby who is old enough should name the person he wishes to visit.



Two Jolly Trot Horses.

Two jolly trot horses
Stand here side by side;
Choose now, little lady;
Which one will you ride?

(Child chooses and mounts.)

OH this is the horse that walks and walks,
Steady, steady, slow, slow;
And trots when the rider laughs and talks,
Faster, faster, go, go!
Then, all of a sudden, jumps and balks,
And tries his rider to throw, throw!





A Jolly Ride.

THE baby goes riding—away and away!
Goes riding to hear what the cat has to say.
“Mew, mew!” says the cat.

The “horse” comes to a stop at “say,” and waits while Father or Baby says the “Mew, mew!” says the cat.

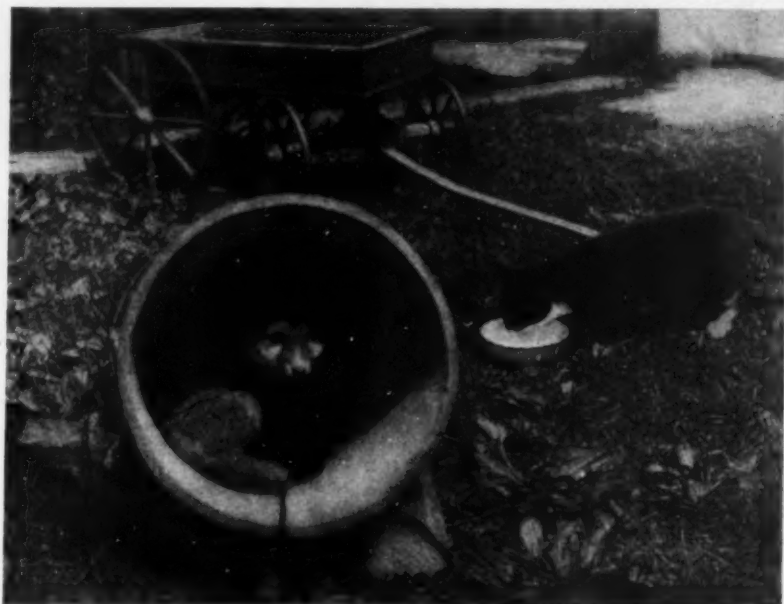
Other stanzas may tell of the dog (“Bow, wow!” says the dog), the hen (“Cluck, cluck!”), the chicks (“Peep, peep!”), the duck (“Quack, quack!”), the cow (“Moo, moo!”), the pig (“Umph, umph!”), the sheep (“Baa, baa!”), etc.

THE NAUGHTY FOX AND PUPPY

ONCE upon a time a young fox lived in the woods near a farm. He used to run after the farmer's chickens. So the farmer set a trap and caught him. He was chained to a stake and his house was an old tub.

On this same farm there was a little puppy named Fido. He was like the fox. He was naughty sometimes and would chase the farmer's chickens. So he was chained up, too. But something else was done to him. They put a muzzle over his nose and mouth so that he could not bite.

Here are pictures of the fox and the puppy. Maybe, if they are good, the farmer will give them some milk, too.



"IF MASTER FOX'S CHAIN WERE LONGER HE COULD GET SOME OF PUSSY'S MILK, TOO!"



FIDO: "IF MY MISTRESS WOULD ONLY TAKE OFF THIS MUZZLE I COULD HAVE SOME, TOO!"



**NATURE AND
SCIENCE
FOR YOUNG FOLKS.**
Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

NATURAL POSITION OF ARGIOPE RIPARIA IN WEB.

The zigzag line is supposed to be put in for strength. The white object at lower right hand is a grasshopper wrapped in a broad band of silk.

THE GARDEN SPIDER AND HER ENEMIES.

Toward the close of September you may notice, in the tops of the weeds at the side of the road, a number of reddish-brown objects, like tiny in-

eggs of the big, black-and-yellow spider (*Argiope riparia*) that one finds standing with her head downward in the large circular webs so frequent among the bushes. This is the one, which, when disturbed, shakes the web so rapidly that both spider and web appear to be little more than a blur. She is supposed to do this either to capture the intruder, or else to protect herself from an enemy.

In these egg-cases, which are fastened to the bushes by strong threads, the spider has made a warm, dry shelter for her young. Put a few of them under an inverted tumbler and you may have some interesting experiences, and make some interesting observations.

If all goes well the eggs will soon hatch. Now the food problem confronts the little spiders, for they must still remain for several months in the egg-case, or until the weather is warm enough for them to come out, and they settle the question by eating one another. When spring arrives the few that remain are large enough to care for themselves. This habit of eating one another continues throughout their lives.

With sharp-pointed scissors we will open one of these egg-cases, for the interior is interesting. Near the center is a tiny silken basket with a flat, close-fitting top, and in it are the eggs—nearly a thousand of them, says Dr. H. C. McCook. The space between this "basket of eggs" and the outside waterproof cover is filled with loosely-spun, brown threads. In the spaces among these

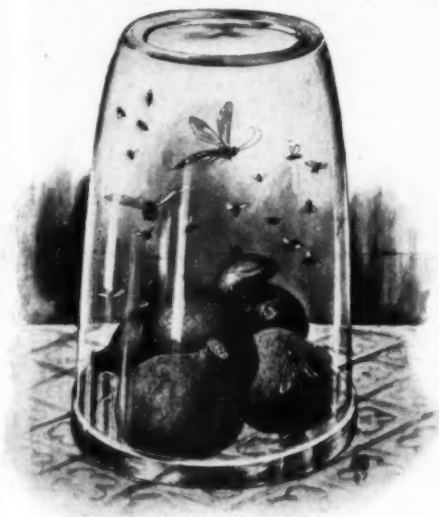


**THE ICHNEUMON-FLY LAYING HER EGGS,
PIERCING THE COCOON.**

The cocoon is firmly fastened in the weed-top by the strands of web in all directions.

verted balloons, and about the size of small hick-nuts. These are the cases that contain the

threads the young spiders live, and probably hide to protect themselves from their hungry fellows. To make the outer covering, the mother spider uses the broad silk band which she employs to wrap around her own captives. This is the normal condition, but later in the season some of the cases will, perhaps, show a totally different state of affairs. The basket is now flattened against the outer wall and has in it only some white chaff, while the case itself is almost filled with a spherical cluster of silken cocoons adhering



THE LARGE AND THE SMALL PARASITES UNDER A GLASS WITH THE EGG-CASES.

tightly together. We know that young spiders never spin cocoons, but here they are. How did they get here?

When we ask Mother Nature a question we must needs wait patiently for the answer. Put this cluster of cocoons under the glass with the others, and in the spring you will find your answer in the form of pretty little black bees with orange-colored legs banded with black. These belong to the family of ichneumon-flies. If you are fortunate, you may see, in the fall, a bee repeatedly stinging one of these egg-cases. She is laying her eggs on the inside, and when the young are hatched they will devour the little spiders and then spin the mysterious cocoons.

Probably before these ichneumon-flies appear you will notice some tiny bees, not more than one sixteenth of an inch long, flying around inside of the glass. These are secondary parasites which have devoured the young of one of the larger



THE EGG-CASE OF *ARGIOPE RIPARIA*.

At A, with side cut away to show position of the "basket of eggs." At B is shown the "basket of eggs" removed with the top raised to show the eggs inside.

bees after it had spun its cocoon. Look closely and you may see minute apertures about the size of pinholes. These were made when the secondary parasites escaped.

Should all the spiders survive until spring, they would still have a very uncertain chance of living until the frosts of early autumn put a natural end to their lives. Birds and toads eat them in large quantities, but perhaps their greatest enemy is the mason wasp that builds the mud cells on the rafters in the garret. The wasps



A, the egg-case containing the cocoons of the larger parasite. At B is shown the large parasite. C shows the smaller parasite.

capture them when they are but half-grown, paralyze them by stinging, and pack them into their cells to serve as food for the young wasp. When we consider the thousands of their enemies, we



The mother spider uses the broad band of silk in weaving the outside covering to the egg-case.

readily understand why so many eggs were packed into the little basket. It was necessary if Nature wanted any spiders to escape.

CLEMENT B. DAVIS.

STRUCTURE OF HAILSTONES.

At Fort Worth, Texas, very large hailstones fell and the interior structure was examined carefully by D. S. Landis. He says, in "Monthly Weather Review":

"The hail fell for fifty minutes, and the stones were plentiful for several hours after the storm had passed. The hailstones of this storm were very symmetrical, the prevailing form being an oblate spheroid, that is to say, the shape of a Rugby foot-ball, about two and a quarter inches in the long diameter by one and three quarter inches in the short axis. The largest stones had nine definitely marked concentric layers outside of the central nucleus. There were three other styles of formation, viz., those having three, five, and seven layers. These layers were distin-



LAYERS OF HAILSTONES.

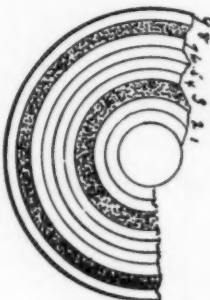
Arrangement of seven, and of five. The dark portion represents compressed snow. (Cuts used by the courtesy of the Weather Bureau.)

guishable by being cemented, or congealed, together by sheaths of a thin white non-crystal ice so thin as not to be called a layer, yet in the cross-sections the lines of sepa-

ration were as well marked as those of the layers of an onion.

"It was noted that every stone had an odd number of layers in its formation, the series running three, five, seven, or nine layers. The outside surfaces of all stones were quite smooth and of crystal ice. In the seven- and nine-layer hailstones the layer next to the surface layer was snowy, something of the nature of a snowball dipped into water and slightly compressed, forming a sort of mushy amorphous ice, usually very white. In the five-, seven-, and nine-layer formations, the third layer, counting from the nucleus outward, was a layer of snow so definite in structure as to admit of no doubt of its being moist snow. This third layer was about as thick as heavy blotting paper. In the seven- and nine-layer formations, the nucleus and all layers were crystal ice, excepting the third and the layer next to the surface layer."

At Morgantown, West Virginia, there were found hailstones of corrugated shape as shown in



Arrangement of nine layers of hailstone.



Hailstone of corrugated, "corkscrew" shape.

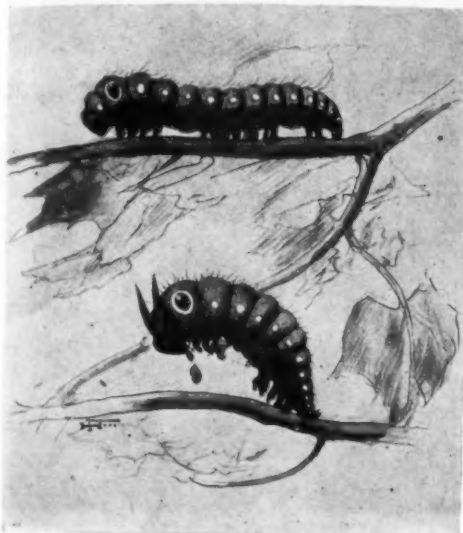
the accompanying illustration. These stones were about two by one and one half inches.

Attention is also called to the fact that some hailstones, when melting in a pail of water, end their career by giving up a large bubble of air. It is supposed that this air was inclosed under great pressure in the white snow which forms the center of hailstones. The Bureau suggests that they be melted in soapy water so that the bubble will not burst as soon as it reaches the surface, but will remain long enough to have its diameter measured. Records as to variation in pressure may thus be made. Perhaps some of our young folks will search for hailstones with air in them, and make this experiment. The right kinds are those formed at a great height in the thunderstorms of spring and summer. The sleet or frozen rain of the winter is entirely different, being formed rather low down in the air, and consisting wholly of small particles of ice.

Hailstones are easily divided by a knife, or cracked by striking with a small hammer, or piece of iron. They are interesting when thus prepared for examination, even if not of unusual structure.

THE SELF-DEFENSE OF UNARMED INSECTS.

MANY insects apparently entirely unarmed for the fight for existence have means of defense that



THE HARMLESS-LOOKING CATERPILLAR ASSUMES A FORMIDABLE ATTITUDE.

are very interesting and unexpected. The harmless looking caterpillar above is a good example.

The quiet, inoffensive looking worm-like larva in the upper figure became a very demon in appearance upon being touched up with a stick. The decorative spots along the back culminating in a larger one on the shoulders became a fierce and terrible "eye," and two flame-colored horns were thrust up where there was not the slightest sign of them before the attack. At the same time a drop of acrid fluid was discharged from the mouth. Its rampant and drawn-back attitude thickened it to twice its normal size. It seemed to swell out with fierceness, making a terrible looking creature out of an apparently unarmed insect.

HARRY FENN.

AN EARLY AUTUMN BIRD.

No other birds are so closely associated with the early autumn, with the coming of the golden rod and the asters, as are the white-throated sparrows; and many nature lovers eagerly watch for the arrival of these fall songsters from the north. When they are first seen, their only note, a feeble *tseep*, tells little of their musical power, as they seem to have an agreement not to dash into our presence with a song, but to wait for a week or more after their arrival before surprising us by a display of their real ability.

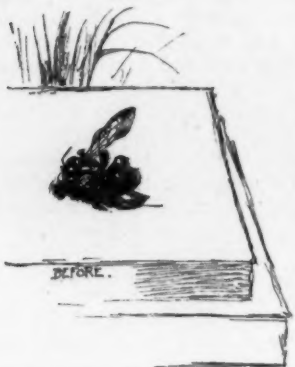
Many kinds of birds are especially sociable in the autumn, but none are more so than the white-throated sparrows. Their gentle companionship and plaintive song seem especially adapted to the dreamy days of our Indian summer.



WATCH FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE WHITE-THROATED SPARROWS IN SEPTEMBER.

REVIVING A TIRED HONEY-BEE.

THE honey-bee is proverbially industrious. When everything goes well with it, no form of



This shows a bee beaten down by a heavy rain—exhausted.

animal life has more vigor, works more zealously, nor defends its home more bravely. But the bee soon loses its activity when separated from its home so that it cannot return, as, for example, when it gets into a room and falls to find its way out. Cold, rain or lack of food also soon put it into a

feeble or exhausted condition, making it appear as if it were discouraged. But nearly all of its usual activity may be restored by a little sugar or honey. Sweetmeats mean even more to it than to the young folks, for they not only give the bee pleasure but life. In the first of the accompanying illustrations is shown a bee exhausted by a beating rain, and by isolation from the hive; in the second it is seen applying itself to the restorative—a moistened lump of sugar.



This shows how he "braced up" when given a lump of sugar.

In a cold, wet season, or when, for any other reason, honey bees cannot gather nectar from the flowers, to convert into honey, and there is a shortage of food for the bees, the beekeeper feeds them with a syrup made of water and granulated sugar.

The nectar of flowers is practically sweetened water plus the peculiar flavoring of the particular plant from which it is taken.

Honey bees are fond of sweets in almost any form. I have placed ordinary candy, especially that in the penny stick form, within hives of honey bees and found that the candy was eaten

very rapidly. Honey bees sent through the mails are supplied with food consisting of a hard paste candy, a mixture of sugar and honey.

TINY SLIPPER-SHAPED ANIMALS.

If we put a small handful of hay in a tumbler of water, let it stand for a day or two, and then place a drop under the microscope, we shall be sure to find it crowded with living animals. These are infusoria, sometimes called animalcules, and among the throng we may usually find some that resemble those shown in the figures,



THE SLIPPER-SHAPED ANIMALS.

where they are highly magnified. The straight lines about the margin of the body represent the organs by which the animals row themselves rapidly through the water. These cilia, as they are called, are in constant movement, except when their owner stops to eat or, perhaps, to rest. We are not able actually to prove that they rest, although this is probable. But that they eat is seen whenever we see one of these infusoria. In the middle figure you will notice a line extending for a short distance from what seems to be the front. This is a channel that leads to the mouth nearer the center of the body. Small cilia connected with this furrow make currents in the water, which set in toward the mouth and carry the food particles. When something acceptable comes along, the animalcule takes it, but anything that is not pleasing is allowed to pass on. These infusoria are only about one one-hundredth of an inch in length.

These little animals and others associated with them are to be found only in *impure* water.

PIGEON MISTAKEN BY BIRDS FOR HAWK.

HEARING a great commotion from robins, vireos and other small birds in a roadside grove, I said to my companion, "A hawk is the cause of all that noise; let us have a look at him." So we peered among the upper branches and soon discovered what looked like the dreaded sharp-shinned hawk sitting upright and motionless with angry little birds storming about him. But a second glance showed the big bird to be only a domestic pigeon!

So rarely does a pigeon alight among the leaves of a tree that even the birds themselves did not know the innocent one in his novel surroundings. I frightened the pigeon, who flew away out of the



PIGEON (THE LARGEST FIGURE) MISTAKEN FOR HAWK.

Birds mistakenly alarmed by it are the robin, red-eyed vireo, yellow warbler and chipping sparrow.

grove with the usual clatter of wings, and the little birds became quiet.

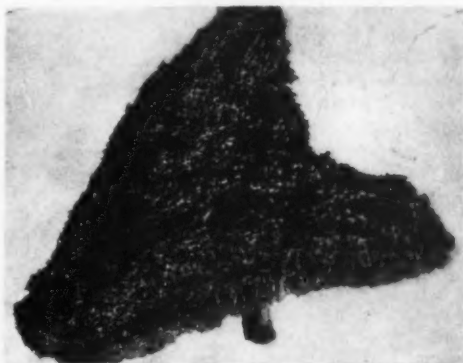
EDMUND J. SAWYER.

A LITTLE MARINE ANIMAL THAT CUTS OFF BIG POSTS.

I HAVE a friend whose business is to erect wharves and piers on the sea-beach, whence they extend down into the deep water. He builds these of stone, and claims that although they cost a little more, they are more economical than they would be if built of wood at less expense, because they last longer. To prove one part of this claim he has many posts and other pieces of woodwork that have been taken from the ocean and are badly bored, or even entirely cut in two by ship-worms.

These specimens seemed so interesting to me that I took the two accompanying photographs, one of the fragment of a post, and the other of a piece of an old knee from a sunken ship.

This remarkable wood-cutting is done by a little sea animal, a marine mollusk, known to



A PORTION OF THE SHIP'S "KNEE" BORED BY TEREDO.

scientists as the *Teredo navalis* or ship-worm. "Vast numbers of these animals enter the wood and burrow in various directions, but they never interfere with one another, a thin partition of wood always being left between adjacent burrows." How the burrowing is done is not well known. The little animal does not eat the wood.

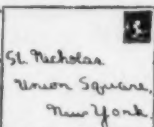


WHARF PILE BORED BY A TEREDO.

Both illustrations show that the wood is not bored near the bars of iron. (Photographs from specimens by courtesy of Mr. F. S. Wardwell.)

The ship-worm is said to have been the cause of the famous break in the dike at Holland, in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

? "BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW"
????????????



WHAT IS A SEA-BEAN?

JEFFERSON, WISCONSIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending under separate cover a cracked sea-bean. Will you please tell me something about sea-beans? Are they poisonous?

From your loving reader,

LORRAINE GRIMM (age 12).

The term "sea-beans" is applied generally to the hard, stony seeds of leguminous (bean-like) plants which grow on or near the sea-shores and whose fruit drops either directly into the sea or is washed there by rains and streams. There is naturally a very large variety in the sea-beans,

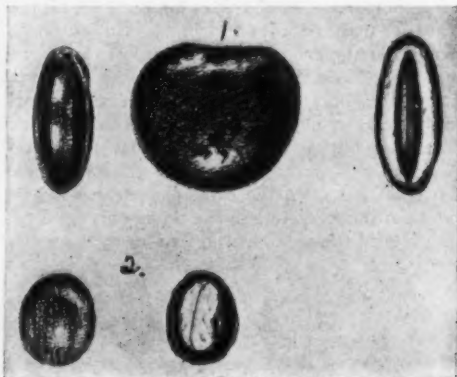


ONE SPECIES OF SEA-BEAN AS IT IS IN GROWTH.

(Drawn from photographs.)

ranging from the minute red "black-eyed Susans" to the immense snuff-box beans several inches in diameter. They grow in tropical and subtropical regions in all parts of the world and are wafted

by currents for long distances, there being in them a space filled with air which adapts them for floating. This particular specimen appar-



SEA-BEANS, SHOWING THE AIR SPACES WHICH GIVE THEM BUOYANCY. SECTION OF POD AND SEED.

1. Section of pod and seed (of *Leuca phaeolides*) having an air space inclosed between cotyledons. 2. Seeds (of *Gastardina crista*) with air space between kernel and shell. No. 2 is the kind the writer of the accompanying letter sent.

ently belongs to the genus *Stizolobium*, but its fragmentary condition and the lack of data accompanying it make it impossible to determine the species accurately.

As you know, some of the sea-beans take a very high polish and are used as watch charms and for other ornamental purposes; some of them are used in medicine, but most of them are mere curiosities.

You may be interested to learn that certain sea-beans similar to the specimen you submitted were found cast up by the sea on the Orkney Islands in the year 1693. They were recognized by Hans Sloane as the seeds of plants which he had seen in Jamaica. Their occurrence in this remote place suggested to Sloane the existence of the current which was afterward known as the Gulf Stream, and, in 1696, he published a paper in which there was for the first time offered the true explanation of the means by which the beans were transported. Great numbers of sea-beans are thrown up each year by the Gulf Stream on the Azores where, however, the plants have not succeeded in establishing themselves. Seeds collected there by Darwin were sent by him to Sir Joseph Hooker. These were planted in the Kew Gardens and many of them germinated and grew into fine plants, "showing that their immersion during a voyage of nearly 3,000 miles had not affected their vitality."

H. M. SMITH.

CONDITION OF GOLDFISH SHOWN BY COLOR.

H——, MICHIGAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We had one goldfish which was once a bright red, but now it is pure white. Will you please tell me why this is?

An interested reader,

HENRIETTA ROWE.

Goldfish in aquaria not infrequently lose their color, owing largely to a lowering of their vitality. The brightest colors are met with in the healthiest fish, and in those whose food and water supply and general surroundings are just right.

DR. H. M. SMITH.

THE SONG OF THE CICADA.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Where we go in the summer there are a great many cicadas. All that I have seen come out of a brown, brittle shell, shaped like a cicada without wings. My brother and I used to get up very early, about four o'clock, and catch the cicadas when they first came out of the shell. They are very pretty, pink and green, with gold or silver stripes on them. Their wings are not dry, and they are shriveled up into a soft, green mass. They grow darker all day until finally they lose all their pretty colors and turn a very dark green. I was interested to know that they lived as long as seventeen years, for all the old cicadas we caught died in about a day. Next summer I shall watch them more.

Your interested reader,

MARGARET JULIET SHEARER (age 13).

MUSKRAT TAILS.

C——, MARYLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you by mail a very strange looking tail.

This is a very old brick house in which we live, and when the cellar was cleaned in December about two dozen of these tails were found under some boxes.

There were a great many rats in the cellar, and some people thought the rats had eaten each other, and left the tails.

Will you please tell me what you think they are and how they could get into the cellar during the summer.

Your interested reader,

FRANCES W. STEEL (age 15).

The tails are of muskrats. It seemed probable to me that some one near by had trapped the animals, disposed of the skins and bodies, and cut off the tails to keep as souvenirs or as proof of number captured. To gain more information bearing on this supposition, I inquired as to nearness of a pond and received the following letter:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was surprised to receive your letter asking for *more* tails. We have three left which I will send you, but the rest were burned.

There is a large mill pond about a quarter of a mile back of our house. It is not deep, but full of mud which has accumulated for years, and there is a great deal of brush and swamp and weeds around it.

There were no skeletons with the tails. As the cellar was thoroughly cleaned last spring, and the floor is hard stone and earth, and the foundation is solid stone, we do not understand how the tails got in there.

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These are all the particulars I can think of. Hoping they may be of interest, I am

Very respectfully,

FRANCES W. STEEL.

It is evident that the tails were cut off by some trapper.

"American Animals" (Doubleday, Page & Company) has this interesting account of the use of the tails:

"The signal with which one warns the rest of danger is a smart slap of the muscular tail on the water.

"One morning, before the light had begun to come in



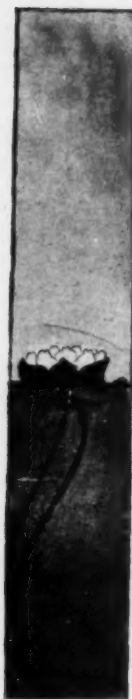
THE MUSKRAT TAILS.

Sent by the writer of the accompanying letter.

the east, I was sitting on the margin of a stream where there is a muskrat colony, waiting for the wild ducks that come in from the sea at daybreak.

"Behind me was a dark swamp of heavy old-growth hemlock where the great horned owls were calling loudly to each other. So long as they kept at that distance the muskrats apparently paid no heed to their hooting; but the instant that I replied to one of the owls, counterfeiting its hollow, low-toned voice as closely as I could, the nearest muskrat swung his tail in air and brought the flat of it down on the water with a whack, and it was most amusing to hear the succession of whacks that responded all along the edge of the water, farther and farther away, each followed by the hurried plunge of its owner beneath the surface."

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"HEADING." BY EDWARD S. GOSLIN, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE RETURN OF TEDDY.

BY ADELAIDE NICHOLS (AGE 12). (Gold Badge.)

TEDDY had been on a journey,
A very long journey to Maine;
And when he returned to the city,
Of course he was terribly vain.

The dolls were not worthy of notice,
He passed them with nose in the air;
And as Jumping Jack slangily put it,
He became a most "stuck-up"
young bear.

He hinted of marvelous wonders,
Though he never told just what they
were.

"They can't understand if I tell them,"
He said, with a pat of his fur.

Though Teddy would have no one know it,
This secret I'm going to tell you:
Just where he went, or what he saw there,
I do not think Teddy Bear knew.



SEVERAL months ago, and once at least since then, we asked for pictures of "Honor Members" (i.e., those who have won gold or cash prizes in the regular League competitions), and of those who have won distinction in their work since they outgrew the League, whether they obtained prizes in the League competitions or not. We asked that the "Honor Member" pictures be taken about the time of the winning of the "Honor" prizes, so that the League album for which we are collecting them should present in appearance, as nearly as possible, the winning membership of the League.

We have received a good many photographs and a few are coming all the time, but they do not come in as rapidly as they should. We should like to have our first League album complete by



"HAPPINESS." BY FANNIE M. STERN, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

next January, and it would contain over a thousand photographs if every Honor Member should respond to our request for a picture. Perhaps it would not be out of place to say that if the likenesses already received are fairly representative of our "Honor" list, then that album when completed will show the most intelligent collection of young faces ever gathered together in this or any other country. Let us have the pictures, by all means. It is not only worth while to belong to so worthy a group, but to be gathered with it in pictured form and feature.

We gave a practical hint or two last month to the young photographers. Perhaps a word to the young illustrators may not be out of place. The size of a picture is important. If the work is done with pen and ink and the lines

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are bold and black, it may be two or three times as large as a ST. NICHOLAS page. If the lines are fine and delicate, then the drawing should not be more than half as large again as the picture is to appear on the printed page. If the work is done in wash—that is, in flat tint, put on with a brush, a good deal of latitude as to size may be allowed, but always the best results are obtained where too great a reduction is not necessary to get the picture down to the width, or half the width, of the page. Some reduction is always desirable—the bolder the drawing, the more it will stand. Bold black lines are always best, especially for the beginner. Very delicate lines, unless they are clean and sharp and done by a practised hand, are almost always disappointing. Do not use colored paints, or chalks, or draw with a pencil. Use white paper and India ink, or very black writing ink, and keep your work neat and clean.

PRIZE-WINNERS, MAY COMPETITION No. 91.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered. **Verse.** Gold badges, **Dorothy Cory Stott** (age 15), 3263 Perry St., Denver, Col.; **Virginia Coyne** (age 13), 188 Ossington Ave., Toronto, Ont., Can., and **Adelaide Nichols** (age 12), 280 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Ruth S. Coleman** (age 9), 743 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis.; **Medora S. Ritchie** (age 17), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y., and **Arnold Kornicker** (age 14), 241 E. 79th St., New York City, N. Y.

Prose. Gold badges, **Kathleen Cronyn Betts** (age 16), 536 Queens Ave., London, Ont., Can., and **Virginia B. Gammon** (age 15), 454 Ward St., Newton Centre, Mass.

Silver badges, **Carmencita Van Gorder** (age 13), Punta Brava de Guatao, Cuba; **Richard Emmerich** (age 8), 135 W. 123rd St., New York City, and **Conway Barry Barbour** (age 10), Montebello, Cal.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Edward S. Goslin** (age 14), 2414 Lamotte St., Wilmington, Del., and **Charles E. Mansfield** (age 15), 541 Baker St., San Francisco, Cal.

Silver badges, **Margaret Rhodes** (age 15), 146 South Central Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.; **Elise R. Russell** (age 13), 47 Grove Hill, New Britain, Conn., and **Billee Purvis** (age 11), Blencathra, Rotchell Park, Dumfries, Scotland.

Photography. Gold badges, **Dorothy Foster** (age 17), Westbrook, Darlington, Eng.; **Wm. Dow Harvey** (age 13), Golf Lane, Wheaton, Ill., and **Fannie M. Stern** (age 16), 2016 Pacific Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

Silver badges, **Helen M. Andrews** (age 14), 208 S. 15th St., La Crosse, Wis.; **Elsie J. Wilson** (age 16), Box 798, Winnipeg P. O., Man., and **Dugald Caleb Jackson, Jr.**, (age 11), 1920 Arlington Place, Madison, Wis.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Young Deer," by **Dixie Virginia Lambert** (age 14), Cedar Island Lodge, Lake Nebagamon, Wis. Second prize, "Pelicans," by **John H. Hill** (age 11), 1102 Grove St., Evanston, Ill. Third prize, "Great Horned Owl," by **Kenneth E. Fuller** (age 13), 80 Court Street, Exeter, N. H. Fourth prize, "Squirrel," by **Elise F. Stern** (age 13), 1998 Pacific Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

Puzzle-Making. Gold badges, **Auguste Chouteau** (age 16), 3617 Lindell Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo., and **Lauri Gren** (age 15), Calumet, Mich.

Silver badges, **Nettie Kreinik** (age 15), 583 Amsterdam Ave., New York City, and **Emily P. Eaton** (age 9½), 80 Vandeventer Place, St. Louis, Mo.

Puzzle-Answers. Gold badges, **Albertina L. Pitkin** (age 16), 425 West End Ave., New York City, and **Marjorie Anderson** (age 15), 603 Wayne St., Sandusky, O.

Silver badges, **Louise Fitz** (age 16), Peconic, L. I., and **J. Elise Kalbach** (age 9), 250 N. Duke St., Lancaster, Pa.

RETURN!

BY DOROTHY CORY STOTT (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

COME back, and bring with thee soft zephyrs low,
And perfume faint, like breath of Maytime sweet;
No deeper joy my spirit e'er did know
Than dancing where have tripped your fairy feet.

Elusive nymph, who haunted childhood days,
Come teach to me the songs I long to learn;
Ah, I would roam with thee in long-lost ways,
Wouldst thou return!



"HAPPINESS." BY DOROTHY FOSTER, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

Beyond the limits of to-day's dull page,
Hid in the memories of careless mirth,
Far in the realms of a forgotten age
We wandered free o'er all the spring-drenched earth.

My mind has grown in knowledge, but my heart
For some ungranted gift doth ever yearn;
Ah, what a wealth of joy thou couldst impart,
Wouldst thou return!

Spirit of youth, Dream-fairy, come again;
Bewitch my soul with your sweet, magic powers,
That I may feel your soft touch in the rain,
And see you smiling 'mid the apple-flowers;

And all along the joyous Summer's lease
My heart with happiness, thrice sweet, would burn,
Dear playmate, I should dwell in perfect peace
Wouldst thou return!



"HAPPINESS." BY WILLIAM DOW HARVEY, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY KATHLEEN CRONYN BETTS (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

WE were speeding along the wide, dusty road, at four of the clock, one bright August afternoon, in a big racing car.

My uncle was teaching me to run the machine, and I had put on his goggles and motoring gauntlets. Beside us ran the river Esk, for we were in Scotland, and around us the sun beat down on rolling wastes of heather, nothing but heather, except where the river lay, like a band of pure crystal zoned with pale gold where the sun struck it, against the gray of the vast moor.

I noticed that, a little way down, the road turned abruptly away from the river, and realized with fear and trembling that I would have to make the turn, as my uncle could not see against that wind without his goggles. I had them, and there was no time to change. Quickly I turned the wheel one whole revolution in the direction I wanted to go, quite forgetting you should turn in the opposite one with that car, and we were in the river.

The bank was steep and it was a considerable drop, also it was quite im-

possible to clamber out anywhere along the side we were on.

With one accord we left the car and turned our heads toward the opposite shore. With as little fuss as possible we made our way across and waded up the beach. Then, as my uncle was about to express himself, over the top of the little hill at the foot of which we stood, came men, women and children, gesticulating madly.

It seemed that we had violated one of their oldest laws. Long ago young Lord Lochinvar had swam across that very place, and in consequence they held it sacred. They came at us like a whirlwind.

My uncle explained with great presence of mind that we had not swam all the way across, "only from that wheel sticking out of the water," he said, pointing to where the steering gear of the motor was visible above the surface.

The crowd then dispersed as quickly as it had collected. After drying our clothes we hired a trap and drove home.

Of course, I got a great scolding, but am able to say now that I "swam the Esk river where ford there was none."

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

(In Hoosier-boy dialect.)

BY VIRGINIA COYNE (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

ONE time I said an awful word,
I really did,
An' paw was angry when he heard,
An' so I hid.
An' they was huntin' everywhere,
An' my! I gave 'em *such* a scare!
Don't be mad 'cause I did n't care,
I was just a kid.

BUT when it got all dark an' cold
Why I was scared,
For 'en I was n't over bold,
An' 'en I cared.
I could see lights dancin' here an' there,
An' they was huntin' everywhere,
An' when they found me, I did n't care
If I *had* swore.

BUT when maw called me her poor child,

An' did n't scold;
An' paw looked mad but soon got mild
'Cause I was cold,
An' maw got clothes, 'cause mine was
wet,
For it had rained, — why 'en you bet
I was sorry I swore, an' I 'm sorry
yet,
So don't *you* scold.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY VIRGINIA B. GAMMON (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

IT happened when my grandmother was a little girl. She had gone, with her grandmother whom she was visiting, to a quilting-party at a cousin's house, a mile and a half away. They returned late in the evening and, worn out by the unusual excitement, grandma soon fell asleep. During the



"HAPPINESS." BY HELEN M. ANDREWS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



"YOUNG DEER." BY DIXIE VIRGINIA LAMBERT, AGE 14.
(FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

night she dreamed that she was again going to the party. Then she really got up in her sleep, and went softly downstairs and out of the house. She walked through the woods and, coming to a little stream, crossed on the foot-log. Arriving at her cousin's house she was awakened by the barking of the watch-dogs. She was frightened, of course, to find herself so far from home at night and with nothing on but her night-dress. She did not dare to go in the gate for fear of being torn to pieces by the dogs, and though she called and called, no one heard her. At last she was forced to start home again, alone through the dark, silent woods. Poor little girl! She was so cold and so afraid that a bear might jump out at her from behind one of the big trees. When she came to the brook she could not find the foot-log, although it is certain that she had come across on it in her sleep, for her gown was quite dry. Now she had to wade through the icy water in her bare feet. It seemed hours to her before she reached home, tired and even colder than before. No one had missed her and she had to rouse the household as she could not open the door herself, although, this, too, she had done an hour or two before in her sleep.

RETURN AFTER VACATION.

BY ARNOLD KORNICER
(AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

WHEN summer-time is passing,
And days are growing cool,
Across the land a merry band
Comes trooping back to school.
From haunts among the hill-sides,
From nooks along the shore,
From happy isles with beaming smiles,
The children come once more.



"GREAT HORNED OWL." BY KENNETH E. FULLER, AGE 12.
(THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

R-E-T-U-R-N.

Acrostic.

BY MEDORA S. RITCHIE (AGE 17).

(Silver Badge.)

RIVULETS running wild and free,
Ever born of the sun and the sea,
Telling secrets, that of old,
Unsuspectingly were told,
Returning, when their journey's through,
Never failing their ocean blue.

STRANGE AËRIAL ADVENTURES.

BY CONWAY BERRY BARBOUR (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

THE truant boys of the Los Angeles public schools yesterday under the direction of the school superintendent gave the first kite exhibit ever given in Los Angeles.

The fifteen hundred children saw the various kites, made

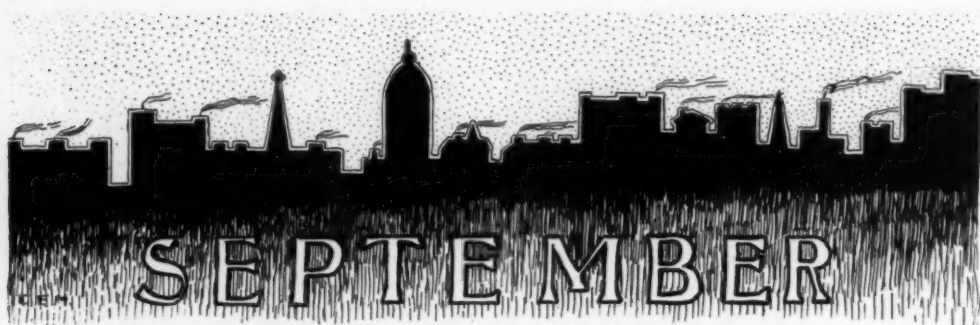


"PELICANS." BY JOHN H. HILL, AGE 11. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

or invented by their schoolmates, have many strange adventures in the air. It was almost impossible for the boys to keep their kite strings from getting tangled because of the high wind.

The most interesting kite was the centipede-kite. It was made of many parallel sticks, something on the principle of a Venetian window-blind. It could be folded up like a Venetian blind and carried under the arm of a man. These parallel sticks were made of bamboo decorated with all kinds of bright colored paper. The head of this centipede had huge eyes that winked when the wind hit them. It took the first prize for the most curious kite, the most artistic, and the strongest pulling kite.

Another wonderful kite was the man-kite. It looked just



"HEADING." BY CHARLES E. MANSFIELD, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

like a man, and his paper clothes were painted red, white, and blue. He wore a tall hat painted in the same way. When the boys and girls saw it flying they called it "Uncle Sam." It looked so picturesque that it won the second prize of a silver cup.

Another wonderful thing was the yacht race. In this the boat was built of paper, and the wind blew it up to the kite on the string, and when it reached the kite it changed its course and came back again. They had a race and the yacht that went a quarter of a mile and back the fastest was to win a prize of a pearl stick-pin.

A Japanese made a kite on the grounds in about half an hour; he won the third prize for beauty.

The sight of so many different kinds of kites all flying at once made a strange and exciting scene.

THE RETURN TO SCHOOL.

BY RUTH S. COLEMAN (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

THE school-house windows are shut no more;
Wide open stands the school-house door.
The children hate to go again,
And take up paper and a pen.
They'd rather far go romp and play,
Down by the barn, and in the hay.
Vacation time can be no more,
When once inside that school-house door.
They have to write, they have to sing,
And loud their childish voices ring.
Oh, the school-house windows are shut no more,
And wide open stands the school-house door.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY CARMENCITA VAN GORDER (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

THIS is a true story about my mama when we lived in the Argentine Republic, on a large cattle ranch.

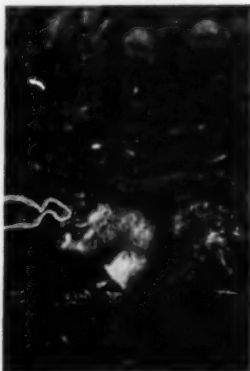
One day mama went out riding, taking a peon along with her, to hunt up a lost cow. As they were riding through the tall grass, mama's horse suddenly became very uneasy and showed signs of fear; mama told the peon to

see if there could be anything under her saddle to make the horse so uneasy. Before the peon could re-saddle her horse it ran away. Mama was left alone in the tall grass about twenty minutes before the peon returned with her horse.

A few minutes after mama and the peon had ridden on, a "puestero" (shepherd) passed on his rounds and discovered, just a little way from where mama had been left alone, a beautiful big tiger that was lying by an ostrich nest waiting for the return of the ostrich.

The reason mama's horse had been so uneasy was that the wind was from the direction of the tiger, and the horse had scented it. To this mama owed her life, for had the wind been in the other direction the tiger would have known where mama was.

The "puestero" and his wife killed the tiger. The "puestero" made himself a belt out of the tail, and mama had a brooch made out of two of the claws.



"SQUIRREL." BY ELISE F. STERN, AGE 13. (FOURTH PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

THE RETURN TO SCHOOL.

BY DORIS F. HALMAN (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

How oft in the forest I wandered,
Through many a moss-grown dell;
Where the song of a bird,
Is a concert heard,
To the one who loves it well.

How blue are the waves at the seaside,
As from shore to shore they reach;
And, dashing high,
When a storm draws nigh,
Rush, foam-capped to the beach.

When the fruits are ripe in the autumn,
No more in the fields I roam;
But I bid good-by,
With many a sigh,
To my dear old summer home.

Then, oft as I sit in the firelight,
In the midst of Winter's reign;
I think once more,
Of the rocky shore,
And the forest-haunts of Maine.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY RICHARD EMMERICH (AGE 8).

(Silver Badge.)

WHEN I was small, we took a trip to the Alps. My sister and I saw a big zigzag path from our hotel window that looked but a very few steps away (it was very far, but we did not know it). So we thought we would explore the path and see where it led to. We walked on and on, until at last we reached it. We climbed up the mountain all alone, feeling very proud. At last we reached a glacier. In this glacier there was a cave. We went in. It was a wonderful sight. The sun shone through it in all colors. We got out and found it was late, and started to go home, then discovered that we were lost. We cried, and thought of our parents worrying at home.

All at once we came to a little hut. The owner of the hut felt sorry for us and took us home. How glad we were to get home. This story is all true.

THE RETURN OF AUTUMN.

BY LOUISE FROST HODGES (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

THE summer days have slipped away,
And now with footsteps light,
Another season tiptoes in,
And 't is the Autumn bright.



"HAPPINESS." BY DUGALD CALEB JACKSON, JR., AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

The Autumn time, when in the fields
Is heaped the golden corn,
And lovely days good Autumn pours
From out her lavish horn.



"HAPPINESS." BY ELSIE J. WILSON, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

We love to see the cool, green leaves
All turn to red and gold,
But all of lovely Autumn's things
Could never half be told.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY DOROTHY POUND (AGE 12).

WHEN my grandfather was a young man he was sailing on a merchant ship named the *Rainbow*. This ship was the first clipper ship from New York, and was going to China to get a cargo of tea.

The ship was going through a strait near the Malay Peninsula when it was attacked by pirates. The pirates' boats were long, shallow ones. There were about two hundred in a boat.

The pirates tried to throw a grappling-iron on the ship but they missed it. The ship had only one gun on it and that was used for signaling, and the sailors filled this gun with nails, screws, and little pieces of iron which they fired at the pirates and sunk the boat. Grandfather said the water was black with pirates.

Another pirate boat came up and threw a grappling-iron, which caught in the rigging. The pirates were trying to draw their boat up against the ship so they could capture the sailors. But their plan was spoiled.

A boy fourteen years old was coming down the rigging and the iron caught at his feet. He saw what the pirates were trying to do and that something must be done at once. He took his knife from his belt and cut the rope that was tied to the iron. The wind took the boat by, before it could turn back the sailors fired at it and sunk it. This boy's presence of mind saved the ship and all the sailors' lives.

On the return voyage when near the Cape of Good Hope the boy was climbing in the rigging when he fell. He struck his head on a pump and was killed.

THE SWALLOWS' RETURN.

BY THEODORE L. FITZ SIMONS (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

WITH bright sunbeams glinting,
Their dark feathers tinting,
Their joy never stinting,
They glide through the air;



"HEADING." BY MARGARET RHODES, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

While, slipping and sliding,
The light zephyrs riding,
They hold jubilee in the blue atmosphere.

On martin pole swinging,
And chirping and singing,
With mellow notes ringing
Upon the spring air;
Rejoiced at returning,
On April's fresh morning,
The swallows' sweet callings
Announce "We are here!"

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY VOULETTI T. PROCTOR (AGE 15).

FRANK and Martin were two mischievous little boys.

It was Frank's birthday and his father gave him a cute little donkey, which they named Jim; and a little buckboard. The only trouble with Jim was, so the boys say, that sometimes he was *very* stubborn, as most donkeys are.

One day, about the middle of June, Frank and Martin were out driving. They had gone quite a distance when Jim stopped and refused to go any farther. Martin got out and tried to persuade Jim to go on, by pulling and tugging; but without success. Frank was coaxing Jim from the cart. It was useless.

"I know what to do!" said Frank. "We can build a little fire under him and then when he feels it, he will go all right."

They got some sticks and started a small blaze under Jim.

"Jump in, quickly," cried Martin, "for if Jim goes, he will go on a gallop."

They both got in and waited, but only for a second, for Jim felt the fire and calmly walked a step or two, only as far as he had to, so as not to feel the warmth of the little blaze; so of course the cart was right over the fire. The boys jumped out and tried to pull Jim, but he refused to move! Then they saw that was useless, so they quickly unharnessed the cart.

In about half an hour Jim realized that he was no longer harnessed to the buckboard, so all of a sudden he went galloping down the road toward home without the boys, who were resting under a tree near by. The boys jumped up and started after Jim.

"It's no use, we may as well take our time," said Frank, "Jim will be home long before we are." So they walked slowly home, dragging the cart, and deciding never to try such a trick on Jim again.

RETURNS.

BY KATHARINE R. NEUMANN (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge Winner.)

At morning when I'm just awake,
Nurse says to me, "For pity's sake,
You lazy child, you're very late!
Here is one stocking—where's its mate?"
And then I just turn 'round and say,
"I know it is n't time for day."

At night when nurse says to me,
"The clock strikes seven, do you see?
And now, my dear, you go to bed,"
I turn to her, and shake my head,
"See, nurse, it is very light—
I know it is n't time for night."

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY THERESE BORN (AGE 11).

WHEN my ST. NICHOLAS came this month, I, as usual, looked first of all to see the prose subject. After I had found it, I immediately began to rack my brain for some strange adventure.

My life has been unusually calm. I do not remember any time when I was "lost in the streets of a great city," or any equally exciting adventure, for I was carefully guarded by our nurse.

Finally, I thought of something that might answer for a strange adventure.

One day while we were living at a hotel my brother proposed a race to the elevator. It was not allowed, but the coast was clear.

I wanted to win the race and I did not stop until after the goal was past. Luckily for me (so I thought) the elevator door was open, and just as I was gazing triumphantly at my brother, I felt myself rising (my weight is not that of a feather, and in my jump to pass the goal, I had jarred the elevator).

When I found myself "going up" I thought it was fun and began to laugh, but when I found myself rising higher and higher, I began to scream, which drew the atten-



"HEADING." BY ELISE R. RUSSELL, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

tion of nearly every one in the hotel.

My thoughts turned to my family. I knew they would be sad, for I was certain something dreadful was going to happen to me. I thought I knew no way to help myself, but after all I was not ready to become an angel, so I tugged at the wheel. Finally, the elevator stopped. I was above the top floor and could not get out, and I saw the machinery of the elevator looming ahead, so I screamed some more. The elevator boy (who was talking to some one at the time of my mad dash) was up-stairs almost as soon as I, and assisted me out over the transom of the elevator door.

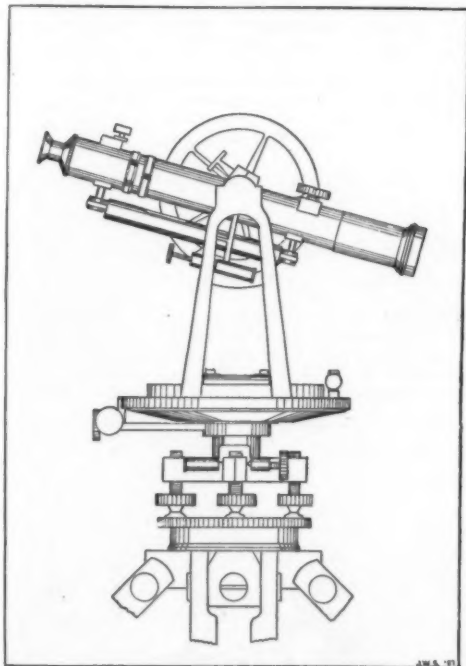
Now, when I get into an elevator, I walk in a slow and lady-like way.

Even if the "vaulted skies" were reached by such sudden flight, I should not care to repeat my adventure.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY LAURA F. LACY (AGE 14).

My great-uncle, Barnet Lacy, was once traveling from Warren, Pa., where he practised law, to Tionesta, Pa., to see his brother, my Grandfather Lacy. At this time there were no railroads connecting the two places, so Uncle Barnet set out on foot.



TRANSIT

"WHAT I LIKE BEST." MECHANICAL DRAWING BY J. WARD SWAIN, AGE 15.

VOL. XXXIV.—132.



"WHAT I LIKE BEST." BY BILLEE FURVIS, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

He reached a place called Hickory, in time to take supper with a friend, and was invited to stay all night. However, as it was a clear moonlight evening he declined, saying he would reach Tionesta late that night.

After he had journeyed on for about two or three hours through the forest, which at that time was practically unbroken all the way, he heard a slight noise, and looking around, saw an animal which proved to be a wolf. He immediately picked up a stick and kept on his way, at the same time watching the wolf. Before long it was joined by another, and soon a third appeared, and they became bolder as they grew in numbers. As there evidently were more not far away, he became alarmed and decided that he must find a place of safety. Some distance ahead he saw a log cabin, the roof of which had fallen in, but the walls were still intact. He at once climbed to the top of the shanty, which was about seven or eight feet high. By this time a number of wolves surrounded him and tried to jump up, but he still held the stick and beat them off as they came too near.

In this manner he spent the night, and when morning dawned the wolves gradually went away. When all had gone he climbed down and continued on his journey. About noon he reached Tionesta, in safety, but well tired out.

THE VETERAN'S CELEBRATION.

BY ELIZABETH TOOF (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

WITH roll of drum and martial tread

They come, they pass, they go,
While like the windswept autumn boughs
Their shattered banners blow.

Nor were the sacred laurel wreaths

That Greece triumphant gave
More hallowed than these tattered flags,
Or borne by men more brave.

For worn and dim with battle stains,

Their ragged folds proclaim
How heroes' toil may sanctify,
And heroes' love acclaim.

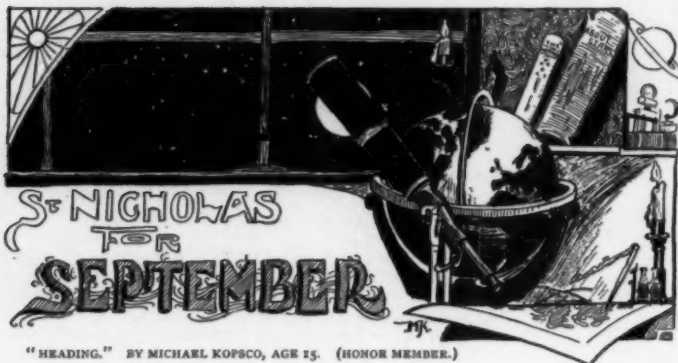
Though on a thousand starry fields

The morning sunbeams fall,
They light the veteran's battered flags
More brightly than them all.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY LOUISA L. CLARK (AGE 13).

ONE midsummer afternoon five of us went fishing. The party consisted of two of my brothers, two friends, and myself.



"HEADING." BY MICHAEL KOPSCO, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

After getting the necessary rods, bait, and boat, we rowed across a channel and tied to a post.

We unwound our lines, but before baiting mine I let it down into the water to see if it was long enough. It was all right, so I jerked it up. When it was part way up I felt a great tugging and pulling. I was frightened, but held on tightly, and tried to pull it in. Those who could, helped me, and lo and behold, a large fish was flapping furiously at the end of my line! The hook was caught in its gills so evidently it had not been swallowed. The fish weighed about three pounds.

After much trouble we freed the hook. Thus it is that I caught a fish without any bait.

After that we caught only small perch, so we concluded that this large fish had been trying to catch the smaller fish; and that it had happened to be caught on my hook as it was swimming past.

We ate that fish for supper and it was good.

THE GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC.

BY GERTRUDE EMERSON (AGE 16).

(Honor Member.)

A FEW years ago, before moving west, I had the opportunity of visiting the George Junior Republic at Freeville, N. Y. After much experience with delinquent children in New York City, Mr. W. R. George conceived the unique idea of the republic. He had found that the majority of reformatories only produced confirmed criminals by the prison-like treatment of the inhabitants, and his aim in founding the republic, was to make it possible for the great "Bowery" class of children in large cities to become good citizens.

It was a hot July morning when we started, and a hotter July noon when we arrived, after a long train ride, and two miles of dusty bicycling. I was curiously disappointed at first sight of the republic. I had expected to find a somber, stone building, with barred windows, and the prisoners inside, under guard. I had looked forward to that queer feeling which all insane people and prisoners produce in a child—fascinating, yet repelling. Instead, there seemed to be only a few, ordinary-looking, little cottages scattered around, without even a wall or a fence to separate them from the beautiful, rolling hills. And yet this was the place where boys and girls were sent who had committed misdemeanors of many kinds.

I was still more surprised to learn that the whole republic was managed by the children themselves. The boys erected all the buildings, did the farming, and similar work, while the girls were the cooks, waitresses, laun-

des and housekeepers. Both held "government" positions, as they were called, such as judges, secretaries, treasurers, and police officials.

"Nothing without labor," was their underlying principle, and the children, who ranged in age from eight to eighteen, had to pay for everything they received, but they were also paid at the rate of ten cents an hour for all the work they did, and two dollars a week to attend school. (I wished somebody would pay me to go to school.) The republic had a special aluminum currency, which was redeemed at twenty cents on the dollar when any one left. My disappointment had changed to admiration during the course of the afternoon. Everything interested me greatly, because it was all so novel.

The George Junior Republic teaches many things, but above all self-control. It is an institution of practical philanthropy, and may well be reckoned among the world's great works.

THE ROSES.

BY MARY GIBBS (AGE 8).

The roses are blooming,
In pink dresses so gay
It makes me so happy,
To kiss them to-day.

The roses are blooming,
In the garden afar,
But none of those roses,
Are sweet as mine are

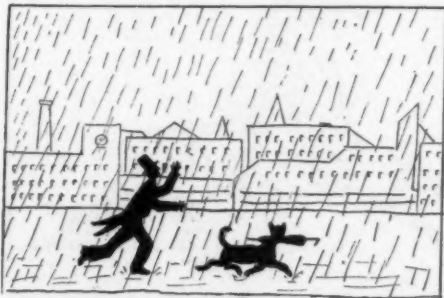
"MY FRIEND."

(The Story of a Cardinal.)

BY J. DONALD MC CUTCHEON (AGE 13).

(Honor Member.)

A CARDINAL GROSBECK family had their nest in a tree in the woods near us one year, and about the last of May a young Cardinal pipped his shell who gave great promise to his parents. He did not disappoint them and, when he was full-grown, he was a very beautiful bird and the red-



"HURRY, MASTER, IT'S RAINING." BY JOHN W. KEYES, AGE 14.

dest of Cardinals. His top-knot was high and waved in the gentle breeze, and his beard was black and crisp.

The third year after he pipped his shell he was full-grown, and that spring he showed himself to a little lady with whom he was very much in love, but he had a rival in whom the little female was taking great interest also. My Cardinal strutted and sang his very best. The two suitors were very close now, each trying to prove himself a better singer than the other. Finally the little lady stepped to my Cardinal's side. He was then the proudest of all birds and soon they built a beautiful nest. It was not flimsy like most Cardinal's nests, but was cup-shaped, and instead of being built in a vine, it was built in a wild rose bush.

One fine morning when the Cardinal came to take his turn on the nest, he got a little peck from his wife. He thought she was cross at him so he got another big worm. She ate it quickly and when he came back with another, she got off the nest, and instead of four eggs, there were only three, and one little naked birdling. The Cardinal was delighted to see the little one demand food and was so anxious to give him enough that he nearly choked him. The little Cardinal was the only one of the four eggs that hatched, but he was well worth the other three, he was such a fine birdling. He grew much larger than his father in time.

My Cardinal and his wife hatched two other broods that season, and I hope will build another nest this spring when they return from Florida, where they are spending the winter.

THE St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers. There are no dues. A League badge and instruction leaflet will be mailed free on application.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For over two years I have been training in your great school, and still six bright years stretch out before me.

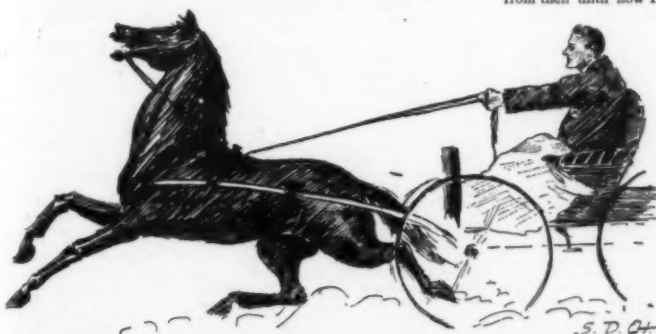
You have taught me at least one great lesson in that time which I shall never forget. "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

When, in April, 1905, I won my beautiful silver badge, I received with it a certain feeling that any work would pass, so I commenced doing my work carefully, spending only half an hour on work that should have received ten times that amount of time. It has taken me two long years to discover my mistake, but I shall always consider them to be the two most profitable years of my life, for during that time I have found what a high standard of excellence is set by the literary world.

Hoping my experience will help others, I remain

Your devoted League Member,

BEULAH ELIZABETH AMIDON (age 12).



"WHAT I LIKE BEST." BY SAMUEL DAVIS OTIS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE WINNER.)



TOMMY'S CELEBRATION.

M. VIVIAN GURNEY (AGE 12).

TOMMY had two giant crackers,
Called them "Whoppers," called them "Whackers."
Lighted them—Hurrah!—The nation!
What—! was Tommy's celebration?

Listening hard for every sound,
While all the others play around.
Lying in bed while Mother sings.
Alas, those horrid cracker things!

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: How many there are every month who write to you telling how long they have taken you, how they love you, what they love best, and how, once knowing you, they could never get along without you! And I am only one more writing to tell you the same things over again,—and they will be told and told as long as you live and as long as there are girls and boys to read you!

As we have been traveling somewhat, I have never subscribed for you, but I have bought you every month for over six years, and have read and re-read from all of those good old stories in the oldest volumes of you at the library, down to "Abbie Ann" and "Pinky Perkins."

In nineteen hundred and one, five of us formed a chapter and joined the League, and soon after we won second prize—twenty-five dollars' worth of books—in the League charity competition which you used to give every year at Christmas. Our chapter has been broken up though, for since then we have been scattered far and wide,—one in the Hawaiian Islands, one in New York, and three in different parts of California. Individually, though, we are still St. Nicholites.

About a year and a half ago, I won a gold badge for puzzle-making. I was in the San Francisco earthquake and fire, and all of my old ST. NICHOLASES were burned, but, as the best fortune in the world would have it, my badge was on my dress, and is, therefore, still being proudly flourished, especially when, as often happens, I meet other "young hopefuls" competing in the great field of the League.

Wishing you continued success for years and years to come, so that the grandchildren and the great-grandchildren of all of your present readers, will have as much pleasure and happiness and friendship with you as all of us do now,

I am, very sincerely,

EDNA KROUSE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Nearly a month has passed since I learned that I was awarded the Cash Prize for drawing, and I confess that from then until now I have been trying to compose a letter that will convey to you some idea of my pleasure upon seeing my sketch first in your pages.

But I have given up the attempt as hopeless, and have decided that no one but myself and the other League members can know just what it is to think, and work, and wait for three years, for something that comes at last with sudden rush and leaves one breathless, striving to realize that it is really true.

I shall continue to contribute to your pages with the same keen interest that I have always experienced in doing so, and after I am too old to draw for you longer I am sure that I shall still look back upon the hours spent in work for you as among the happiest and most profitable I shall have spent.

So I will simply say that I thank you most sincerely for your invaluable help and encouragement, and for awarding the Cash Prize to

Your devoted League member,
VERA MARIE DEMENS.

(Letters continued on last League page.)

Hilda F. Brazer
Rutherford Platt, Jr.
Margery Beaty
Lenora Ivey
Wilson H. Roads
Grace M. Schaeffer
Dorothy Bruce
Samuel Northcott
Hamaford
Frances M. Desbecker
Lucia A. Warden
Preston H. Early
Frances Harthorne
James M. Walker
Ethel King
William F. Brown
Gladys Felker
Helen Hill Hopkins
Frances Stoughton
John Percy Redwood
Josephine Stoughton

PUZZLES 1.

Carlton D. Ford
Karl G. Stillman
Irma A. Hill
Hoyt Fronefeld
Honor Galloworthy
Caroline C. Johnson
Fritz Breitenfeld
Alice Bragg
Phoebe S. Lambe
Carl Gutzelt

PUZZLES 2.

Merrill A. Durland
Anna W. Perkins
Katherine Heard
Louise Ward
Gertrude Souther
Catherine Mackenzie

LEAGUE LETTERS—Continued.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You cannot imagine the joy and pride I experienced, when I found that I had won a gold badge in your magazine.

My fondest dreams have at last been realized, and I cannot express my appreciation and thanks.

I shall always have a place in my heart for dear old St. Nick.

Wishing you a happy and prosperous new year,

I remain, your devoted reader,

IDA C. KLINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am often sorry to think that I am too old to compete for badges. When I lived in Greece, it was always such a true pleasure to draw pictures and send them to you, across the ocean, in the hope that I should be successful. Yet it seemed so long to wait before I knew whether the drawings had been accepted or not. One day I received a beautiful and shining gold badge, and I was indeed very proud when I showed it to my friends!

Most of my life has been spent in Athens, and when I was quite tiny I used to climb the Acropolis steps and then endeavor to sketch temples; but I found it rather difficult! It seemed easier to draw children,

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 95.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 95 will close September 20 (for foreign members September 25).

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title to contain the words "Storm" or "Snow-storm."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. "Lost in a Storm." (Must be true.)

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "After the Storm."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "A Snow-storm," and a **Winter Heading** or Tail-piece. (Books and Reading discontinued.)

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as shown on the first page of the "Riddle-box."



"HEADING." BY WALDEON FAULKNER, AGE 9.

consequently I devoted more time to the latter than the former. Although I have taken a few drawing-lessons, both in Athens and Switzerland, as well as in this country, I have never made a serious study of art. I spend much time in drawing, and find it a pleasant resource. At Christmas-time I am always quite busy.

Two years ago I spent the winter in Madrid, and occasionally I passed the morning in sketching figures from Velasquez's paintings.

And now that I am living in this country, every year I enter drawings in the Woodstock Agricultural Fair, and I have won several prizes.

I am too old to enter the competitions, but I am never too old to read and to enjoy you.

I remain, yours sincerely,

DOROTHY HARDY RICHARDSON.

Other valued letters have been received from Annie Stowell, S. R. Benson, Hilda Smith, Bernard P. Trotter, Margaret L. Breet, Doris Helen McIntire, Louise Davies, Francis V. Kimball, Ferdinand Wead Haas, Muriel Halstead, Katharine V. H. Robinson, Hugh M. A. McEachran, Frederick Schmidt, R. Palma Wilson, Leona Gale Watt, McLean Young, Guinevere H. Norwood, Vera Leighton, Anna Katharine Morris, Winifred Hutchings, Charlie Waters, Josephine C. Kelsey, Amy Bennett, Edward F. Weiskoff, Catherine Guion, Adelia Bernhard, Catharine D. Brown, Hazel Wyeth, Sylvia Wigglesworth, Dorothy Black, Marjorie P. Comyno, Mildred Seitz, Margaret W. Shaw, Marjorie S. Harrington, Katherine E. Spear, H. J. De Clark, Anna C. Hill, Miriam Starr, Marian Gill, John W. Hill, Mary Frances Williams, Leslie Fosness, Mary O. Emmet, Elizabeth M. Johnson, Elizabeth S. Billings, Harriet Scofield, Arthur R. Clarke.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its *natural home*: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. *Fourth Prize*, League silver badge.

RULES.

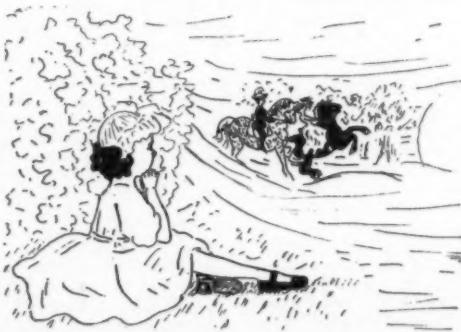
ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be*

convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the *contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"WHAT I LIKE BEST, DAY-DREAMS." BY DECIE MERWIN, AGE 12.

THE LETTER-BOX

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a photograph I took, and thought perhaps you might think it good enough to print. It is not a real place, but a miniature scene in our back



A PHOTOGRAPH OF A MINIATURE LANDSCAPE.

yard. My sixteen-year-old brother made the boats, automobiles, and houses.

We have a cemented river in our back yard, where we sail our boats. I read the ST. NICHOLAS every month, and hope to win some prizes.

ANGUS NOLAN (League Member), age 10.

FORT EDWARD, N.Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not take the ST. NICHOLAS, but my sister, Elizabeth, does. Nevertheless, I read the stories and enjoy them very much. I think I like "Abbie Ann" the best.

We live on McCrea Street, named after Jane McCrea, who was killed by Indians during the Revolutionary War period. This incident is told in full in the "Fort Edward Book." A little way above the corner of Broadway and McCrea Street is a monument erected in her memory by the Jane McCrea Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. At the other end of McCrea Street, where the bank of the Hudson River is very steep, one place projecting out sharply is called the "Point." It is claimed that an officer during the Revolution when pursued by Indians, rode his horse over the bluff and was never heard of again. The Hudson River at this place is very beautiful. Opposite the town is an island connected with the town and the opposite shore by a bridge. There are numerous houses on this island where many people live. A few miles further up the river, opposite the village of Glens Falls, is a cave of soft rock foundation. This is described in Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans."

Wishing you good luck in the future, I am

Your interested reader,

MARION A. HOEY (age 12).

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but I have sent things to the League, and I hope that something some day will be good enough to be published. We have always taken you, and the bottom shelf of my book-case is filled with bound numbers. This is the land

of the coal mines, and though I have never been down in a mine, I have ridden under a breaker. In the summer we leave the valley and go into the mountains near here, and all summer long we swim, play tennis, and ride horse-back on my little brown horse, "Peggy." I wish that I had time to tell more about her.

Your devoted reader,

ELIZABETH G. ATHERTON.

MRS. CAMP REPLIES TO A YOUNG CRITIC.

IN the January number, Mrs. Pauline Frances Camp, in a bit of nonsense verse entitled "Christmas Eve in Wildwood Hollow," told of "Miss Centipede" who had "a hundred warm foot-muffs."

Commenting upon this, a young correspondent from France, whose letter we printed in the May Letter-Box, asks why Miss Centipede had one hundred muffs instead of fifty, adding "Would n't it be rather funny for a lady to have a muff for each hand?"

Mrs. Camp, seeing this criticism, has good-humoredly sent to ST. NICHOLAS the following amusing reply to her young critic:—

From the dear little critic, in far-away France,
Miss Centipede begs, at *her* side, just a glance.
One muff for two hands, is most certainly right,
But one muff for two feet, is another thing, quite.
Just borrow a muff, and put in both your feet,
Then go for a stroll, if you please, down the street!
With your two little trotters, in one muff tucked tight,
I fear you would be in a very sad plight,
And acknowledge Miss Centipede quite up to snuff,
In providing each foot with a separate muff!

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for three or four years and this is my first letter. I lived in the South for two years. I used to spend some days on my Papa's plantation, where I had a little burro, named "Bucky." One day I took a little friend with me to see Bucky. We both got on his back for a ride. He grew tired of us, I guess, because he threw us both over his head and we landed in a sand pile, then he ran into the woods.

MADELEINE KIMBALL (age 10).

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American boy living in Paris. I am going to a French school which I like very much, but as boys, I choose Americans. I have been a subscriber since nineteen hundred, but this year I buy it every month. I like Mr. Barbour's stories, and I am glad to see the new story about "Harry," "Roy" and "Chub." I like "Pinkey Perkins" very much. I have a lot of photographs, one very good of the Eiffel Tower. They say it is not safe, so the highest structure in the world is closed.

Your devoted reader,

EDWARD MCILVAIN, JR.

OTHER letters which lack of space prevents our printing have been received from Willie Webster, Margaret Sanderson, Helen Walker, Bertha M. Bogert, Russell Williams, Virginia Taylor, Margaret Carver, Rose Hahn, Eleanor I. Bennett, Marjorie F. Seligman, Charlotte Wellcome, Annie Coburn, Nancy Payson, Sara B. Bloom, Helen Root.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

CHARADE. T-u-l-i-p.
DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Martin Van Buren; finals, Abraham Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. Martha. 2. Absorb. 3. Reader. 4. Tacoma. 5. Inrush. 6. Nebula. 7. Victim. 8. Actual. 9. Napoli. 10. Berlin. 11. Uralic. 12. Rialto. 13. Enamel. 14. Nation.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, John Smith; third row, Jamestown. Cross-words: 1. Jeune. 2. Opague. 3. Hamlet. 4. Needle. 5. Sesame. 6. Matron. 7. Ironed. 8. Tawdry. 9. Handle.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Pistol. 2. Impure. 3. Spirit. 4. Turbot. 5. Oriole. 6. Letter.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Dome. 2. Oxen. 3. Mead. 4. Ends. II. 1. Sale. 2. Acid. 3. Line. 4. Eden. III. 1. Sole. 2. Owed. 3. Lean. 4. Edna. IV. 1. Note. 2. Opal. 3. Tack. 4. Elks.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

DIAGONAL. Homer. 1. Hawks. 2. Howls. 3. Homes. 4. Hopes. 5. Steer.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Caroline Johnson—John Flavel Hubbard, Jr.—James A. Lynd—Walter H. B. Allen, Jr.—Georgea Wiseman—William M. Rabinovitch—"Benjo"—Peter and Paul—Anton G. Hardy—"Ted and Eleanor"—Ada May Burt—"Queenscourt"—Eleanor Rantoul—"Herb"—Laura Delano—Frances Bosanquet—Margaret Brown—Herbert Marshuts—Emma D. Miller—Jo and I—Carl H. Weston—Mabelle Meyer—Frances McIver—Gertrude Souther—Carol T. Weiss—G. N. Fennethorne.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from R. J. Wight, 1—D. W. Philbrick, 2—"Garfield Pl." 1—Mary E. Clayton, 3—Mary E. Warren, 4—J. T. Wagner, 1—E. Parkins, 2—M. Hiss, 1—T. Bridgeman 1—Eleanor W. Parker, 5—G. George, 1—H. G. Reynolds, 3—H. Shepardon, 1—K. Woodruff, 1—Francis Edmonds Tyng, Jr., 8—V. Viall, 1—Eddie O'Brien, 7—C. Newman, 1—Edna Meyle, 6—M. Patterson, 1—Alice H. Farnsworth, 8—Annette Howe Carpenter, 8—Daniel W. Hand, Jr., 8—Dorothy Gould, 5—D. Hubbell, 2—D. Wilson, 1—J. S. Sarker, 2—Philip and Fred, 2—Muriel von Tunzelmann, 8.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

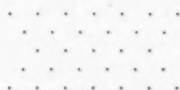
My primals and finals each name a famous dictionary.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A bird. 2. Comfort. 3. Without feeling. 4. To throw lightly. 5. A single thing or person. 6. A nation. 7. A holiday of time.

CARLOTA BROOMALL, (League Member).

A STAR PUZZLE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



1. A letter in mythological. 2. A conjunction. 3. A sole ruler. 4. Obliteration. 5. One who exercises authority. 6. A yarn used in embroidery. 7. One who believes some doctrine contrary to the established faith. 8. Two letters from the mythological. 9. A letter in mythological.

LAURI GREN.

QUINTUPLE BEHEADINGS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. Behead five letters from venerable, and leave the limit. 2. Behead five letters from to make clear, and leave a specified time. 3. Behead five letters from not

ANAGRAM. Hans Christian Andersen.

AN HISTORICAL DIAGONAL. Artemis. Cross-words: 1. Assyria. 2. Orleans. 3. Euterpe. 4. Calends. 5. Cranmer. 6. Dauphin. 7. Bacchus.

METAMORPHOSES. I. Hand, band, bond, fond, food, foot. II. Sock, rock, rook, book, boot. III. 1. Find, fine, line, lone, lose. IV. Give, gave, cave, cake, take. V. Corn, core, care, cars, oars, oats.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Roy Porter. 1. Ce-r-ta-in, rat. 2. Al-low-ed, owl. 3. An-noy-ed, yom. 4. Ke-ep-ing. 5. Or-ib-les, oil. 6. Mi-gra-te, rag. 7. Be-rat-ed, tar. 8. Th-ere-to, ere. 9. So-pra-no, rap.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, Roman; 3 to 4, Italy. Cross-words: 1. Rabbi. 2. Coats. 3. Malta. 4. Tails. 5. Natty.

CONNECTED STARS. I. 1. A. 2. ph. 3. Apricot. 4. Bimans. 5. Cabin. 6. Onions. 7. Tannery. 8. Sr. 9. Y. II. 1. Y. 2. Ch. 3. Cycloped. 4. Hegira. 5. Pines. 6. Erects. 7. Dastard. 8. Sr. 9. D. III. 1. D. 2. aa. 3. Dabster. 4. Aspire. 5. Tidal. 6. Eraser. 7. Release. 8. rs. 9. E.

pardoned, and leave bestowed. 4. Behead five letters from an offense, and leave a deed. 5. Behead five letters from bold, and leave a circle. 6. Behead five letters from that which may be separated, and leave competent. 7. Behead five letters from to pass from place to place or from hand to hand, and leave tardy. 8. Behead five letters from very good, and leave loaned. 9. Behead five letters from in an unproportionate manner, and leave a confederate. 10. Behead five letters from an interpretation, and leave a people. 11. Behead five letters from a fuzzy worm, and leave a column. 12. Behead five letters from a soldier, and leave a conjunction. 13. Behead five letters from to act as a friend to, and leave termination.

When rightly beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a famous American writer of short stories.

AUGUSTE CHOUTEAU.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Syncopate a weapon, and leave a body of water and a snare. Answer, bay-o-net.

1. Syncopate a water jug, and leave a depression and a pronoun. 2. Syncopate depressed, and leave vulgar and a color. 3. Syncopate a small flag, and leave a writing instrument and an insect. 4. Syncopate division, and leave a state of equality and an epoch. 5. Syncopate located, and leave to hold a session and consumed. 6. Syncopate whim, and leave a covering for the head and a cold substance. 7. Syncopate the end of six months, and leave equality between two extremes and part of the head.

The seven syncopated letters will spell the name of a well-known magazine.

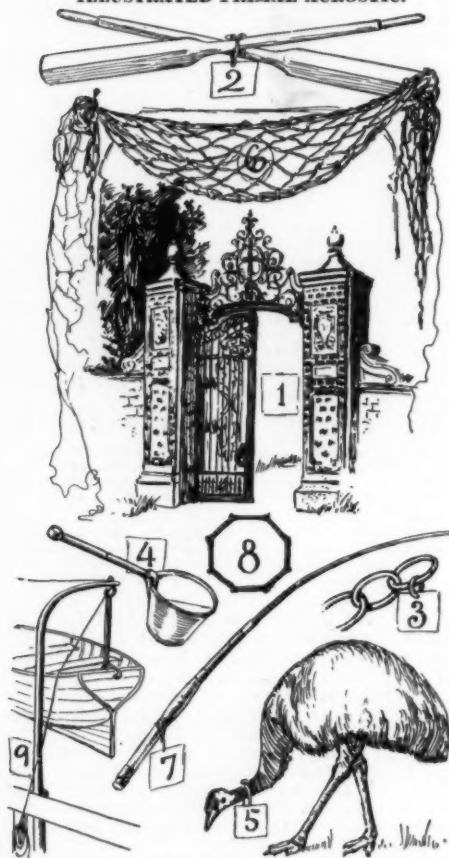
NETTIE KREINIK.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A MONTH. 2. To worship. 3. Part of a spur. 4. An island. 5. A feminine name.

E. K. MARSHALL, JR., (League Member).

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



WHEN the nine objects in the above picture have been rightly guessed, and the names written one below another in the order given, the initial letters, reading downward, will spell a flower.

Designed by JEAN C. FREEMAN.

CHARADE.

My first is just beyond the gate;
My second egoists most use;
My third is oft the lookout's news;
My whole is called an island, though
I'm almost sure it is not so.

LOUIS STIX WEISS (Honor Member).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty-four letters and form a quotation from Coleridge.

My 33-8-25-43-12-17-26 is observing. My 4-50-54-30-18-48 is imitates. My 35-22-39-45-41-52 is in the direction

of. My 6-16-20-28-27-14-47 is pertaining to number. My 1-29-3-38-9-36 is to unite firmly or closely. My 21-34-51-40-23 is a builder. My 31-2-46-24 is disposed of in return for money. My 10-15-19-32 is a cool substance. My 7-37-5-13-11 is gleamed. My 44-53-49-42 is a kind of hood usually attached to a gown.

MARGARET DARKOW (League Member).

ANAGRAM.

A beloved American:
WILL MOVE ONE RED SHELL.

CHAIN PUZZLE.

FILL each blank with a word of four letters. The last two letters of the first word will form the first two of the second word; the last two of the second, the first two of the third, and so on.

At Mrs. Brown's the boarders meek
Are served with ~~five~~ five times a week.

An injured . . . , a tender sprain,
Will make the bravest wince with pain.

With loud huzzas, across the beach
The soldiers rush . . . the breach.

My brother ~~fun~~ ^{WALTER}, though short and fat,
Can ~~carry~~ ^{WALTER} a larger load than that.

Around the fire the hunters bragged
Of goose or . . . last season bagged.

I know Leander very well,
I've ~~met~~ ^{met} his sister Belle.

For work or . . . the tattered tramp
Has little use—the lazy scamp.

LESLIE REES.

HISTORICAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous sea battle.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A line of English kings. 2. A great fleet sent out by Spain in 1588. 3. A general who crossed the Rubicon in '49. 4. A continent. 5. The surname of the man who planned to blow up the Houses of Parliament. 6. A Saxon king. 7. A village in County Galway where a battle was fought in 1691. 8. A Danish king. 9. A legendary war of Greece.

HONOR GALLSWORTHY (Honor Member).

A MUSICAL PUZZLE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



WHEN the letters representing the above twenty-four notes have been written down, they may be so arranged as to form six four-letter words. These words may be defined as follows: 1. Part of the head. 2. Not up. 3. A restaurant. 4. Father. 5. Inanimate. 6. Margin.

When these words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the front of a building.

EMILY P. EATON (Age 9½).